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TOULOUSE
NIVE
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TALAVERA
TO THE BRITISH ARMY
1793-1814
SOBRAON
FEROZESHUHUR
ARMY OF THE SUTLEJ
MOODKEE
1845

REMINISCENCES

OF A

VETERAN.

BEING

PERSONAL AND MILITARY ADVENTURES

IN

PORTUGAL, SPAIN, FRANCE, MALTA, NEW SOUTH WALES, NORFOLK ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND, ANDAMAN ISLANDS AND INDIA.

By Major James Bunbu

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

The jotting down of the following Reminiscences was commenced at Dinapore, in the East Indies, to beguile a tedious hour during the hot season of 1845. They were soon laid aside until a more healthy and less enervating period, and circumstances, on the Author's return to England, prevented, for a time, their continuance. Some of the incidents related may appear unimportant, but it is hoped that an excuse for this will suggest itself in the unstudied character of the work.

The Writer is pleased, on reperusing the Narrative, to find with what accuracy his memory has enabled him to record many of the events. It will appear that he has been favourably mentioned by the Secretary of State for the Colonies, also by the Commander-in-Chief in India, and, on another occasion, by the Duke of

Wellington. None of the usual rewards of Service have been, however, bestowed in his case; and he therefore presumes they are only given for more important services.

St. John's Wood,
October, 1861.

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REMINISCENCES

OF

A VETERAN.

CHAPTER I.

Birth—School-days—A Commission in the Army—Family scene with a Lieut.-Colonel—Offended dignity—Pranks—Baggage Guard—Voyage to Lisbon—Attempt to join the army of Sir John Moore—New mode of maintaining discipline—Retreat upon Lisbon—Old acquaintances—*Un mauvais sujet*—Advance upon Oporto—Procession.

I WAS born at Gibraltar, on the 19th May, 1791; my father being then a lieutenant in the 32nd Regiment. My first recollection of myself dates from the time that I was placed at school in the village of Catterick, near Richmond, in Yorkshire, on my father's marriage with Miss Cowling of Richmond. The school was conducted by a clergyman named Bradley, and as I was too young

to be received as a boarder, my residence was fixed at the house of a farmer in the village. I must, even at this early age, have developed my pugnacious propensities; for the boys were accustomed to amuse themselves by setting me to fight with an Irish lad older and heavier than myself. Although worsted in every combat, I was always ready to renew the engagement, my daring obstinacy finding pleasure in being opposed to his superior age and strength.

My next school was at Staindrop, near Raby Castle. Here the master struck me with a cane most unjustly, and I quitted his control—nor could any inducement secure my return. My father having removed with his family into Berkshire, I accompanied them, and we lived for some months with a widow lady, named Hyde, and her two daughters, at a place called Hyde End. They were Roman Catholics: in default of a male heir, the property, which was entailed, passed into other hands at the expiration of twelve months from the decease of the late holder. The younger daughter, a girl of great amiability, was very kind to me; but on one occasion involved herself in a dreadful scrape with my father, by taking me into the Chapel, contrary to his express orders. We next removed to Cope Hall, near Newbury, and

I was sent daily for tuition to the Rev. J. Meredith, who lived near us on the Wash Common. This gentleman was tutor to two Irish lads of the name of Maxwell, and one of them has since represented Downpatrick in the House of Commons. One day we resolved on robbing our tutor's orchard. The whole affair was a most wanton business, since we all had as much fruit as we could desire, and the brothers were well supplied with pocket-money; I was, however, within a hair's breadth of paying very dearly for my share in the transaction. Thinking to elude pursuit, I attempted a short cut across some water-meadows, instead of returning home by the usual road. In one of these meadows, a bull and six or seven oxen were pasturing. I observed the bull follow me with a low moaning noise, but took no especial notice until nearly half way across. Here it became necessary to make a run in order to clear a broad ditch; no sooner did I quicken my space than the bull plunged after me. The hedge immediately in front was too high for me to leap, and I therefore made for a gate near at hand. At this point my progress was intercepted by some bullocks, who had reached it before me. From tranquil spectators they had suddenly changed into angry pursuers, and had congregated from

different parts of the field in chase. In an agony of terror, I jumped into a ditch covered with briars. I could not see the bottom; fortunately, though broad and deep, the ditch was dry. The briars closed over me, and I crawled along for a few yards, in momentary expectation that my foe, who had well nigh overtaken me, would follow. He, however, contented himself with tearing up the bank, where I had entered, and in kneeling and bellowing most frightfully. At length, feeling myself secure, I commenced munching an apple. In course of time the bull moved off sullenly, but continued pasturing near to my hiding place. I next ventured to reconnoitre my position and to take measures for my escape. But alas! the hedge and bank were impassable. Anxious to extend my field of view, I succeeded, after much exertion, in getting my head above the briars. In this act, the bull discovered me, and with the oxen returned to the place of my concealment; I was thereupon obliged to resolve that I would not move again until the coast was quite clear of intruders. Having found a place from which, if I could but reach a particular branch for support, an escape was possible, I made the attempt to get over, and succeeded.

Mr. Meredith's establishment was broken up

on his receiving the appointment of Head Master to the Grammar School at Lewes, and I was sent to a seminary at Newbury, kept by a Mr. Bicheno. I was permitted to spend my Sundays at home. On one of these weekly visits I learned that an ensigncy in the 90th Regiment had been conferred upon me. It was dated March, 1807. I was then nearly sixteen years of age; the late Lieut.-Colonel Bunbury, of the 3rd Regiment of Foot, was at the time on a visit to my father, and I sat next to him at dinner. He made some remarks in a whisper which greatly offended me, and I retorted in a similar tone by telling him, that he was presuming upon his position as a relative and my father's guest, or he would not have acted in so unbecoming a manner. He responded by jerking at me a small quantity of water from his wine-glass, saying—I was a foolish boy. This so wounded my dignity that, seizing a decanter of wine which stood near, I commenced pouring the contents into a tumbler. The proceeding so surprised my step-mother that she exclaimed, "Child, what are you doing?" The only explanation I deigned to give was, by throwing the tumbler of wine into the Colonel's face. It is impossible to describe the scene which followed.

My mother was speechless from vexation and wonder, for hitherto I had been thought a very good and quiet boy. I could, however, read in my father's countenance (for he had witnessed the whole transaction) that his anger was only half real; and in the general confusion I left the room. It was a long time before my step-mother would see me or accept any apology, but at length, through the intercession of the Colonel, she relented. The victim of my rashness merely remarked to my father, that, from the specimen which had been supplied of my temper, he thought there would be plenty of work cut out for him if I came into his regiment as proposed: then, turning to me, he added, "but you will find young fellows there who will put you to rights if you attempt to put these practices on them." I regretted this untoward affair and felt thoroughly ashamed of myself, but it was far from being the only occasion of conflict with my gallant relative. I must, however, do him the justice of saying, that he treated me with much kindness on subsequent occasions.

I was afterwards transferred to the 3rd Foot, and on setting out I was accompanied by my father to Cirencester, where I joined the 2nd Bat-

talion, then under the command of Colonel Bingham, an excellent and a kind-hearted man. It was the practice in those days for the officers to parade for the commanding officer's inspection, after the same manner as non-commissioned officers do at the present time for inspection by the adjutant. My hair was then very light-coloured, and, though I took great pains with my toilet and used large quantities of pomatum and hair-powder, the Colonel would, in raillery, affirm that I had not expended any. This was annoying after all the care I had bestowed, and I was hurt by such an unfounded aspersion. When the old gentleman observed this he would give my queue (a false one attached to the hair) a sudden jerk, and retain it in his hand to my utter confusion. Jack-boots, somewhat similar to those worn by the Life Guards, were then in vogue, and practical jokes were the order of the day. If, by any accident, an officer left his barrack-room without locking the door and taking the key in his pocket, he would be certain to find his apartment summarily put to rights, as it was called, against his return. The following plan was ordinarily adopted. The jack-boots, if the occupier owned a second pair, were first smeared with pomatum and then powdered; the contents of the blacking-bottle

were emptied into the powder-bag and amalgamated with the reserve of hair-powder.

As an instrument in the hands of older sinners, I was very mischievous; and an officer in the regiment was but too frequently the object of my pranks. He was a very studious character, had passed his examination with credit at the Military College, and had been a long time in the regiment. As a matter of course, he was voted a great bore and a stupid fellow; and on these assumptions, we took delight in smoking the old fox as he was termed, and in order to drive him out of his burrow, I was hoisted upon the roof of his barrack room, and supplied with a convenient board, which was carefully placed over the aperture of the chimney. There was generally time for me to be assisted down before our friend was forced from his den, and on these occasions it was customary to condole with him on his misfortunes, and to offer all sorts of pitiable suggestions. The necessity of altering the chimney, and thereby preventing its smoking in future, was pointed out, and other remedial measures were naïvely proposed. In the meantime he would order his fire to be extinguished, and express a resolve to have the matter thoroughly investigated on the morrow. Before that time had arrived, care was taken to remove

the obstruction, and thereby obviate the necessity of any such application.

Our messing was cheap, but the custom then general in the army of giving to messmen the exclusive privilege of selling liquour to the men was both injurious and corrupt. It has since been very properly abolished.

My father authorised me to draw upon him to the extent of £100 per annum, telling the Quarter-master, with whom he had become acquainted, to try and keep me out of scrapes, and if necessary to make such further advances as I might require. This arrangement was not likely to make me less extravagant, particularly as the Quarter-master was careful to inform me that I might obtain more than the stipulated allowance, in the event of my needing it. The natural consequence was that during the six months I remained in England, the allowance was greatly exceeded, but my poor father never complained, although his means were very limited. Afterwards when I had leisure to reflect on my real position, especially with regard to my step-mother, from whom the income was principally derived, I ceased to accept any pecuniary assistance from my parents, with the exception of £20 in aid of my outfit when entering the Portuguese service.

My first duty was a baggage guard on the regiment marching into Plymouth. I well recollect that sufficient conveyance could not be obtained, and in consequence the guard was arranged in two divisions, with a subaltern to each of them. Mine was the first to move off, and I found the drivers very troublesome. It was imperatively necessary that the carts should be kept together, as I had only a sergeant and seven men with me. The carter who had the best horse gave me the greatest annoyance, and at last I was obliged to take his whip from him and tie him to his own vehicle. On promise of better behaviour, I returned the whip, when, from being in the rear, he immediately placed his cart in the front, and we proceeded very well until we reached the town of Plymouth. I there learned that the regiment had been ordered to Plymouth Dock, now called Devonport. I endeavoured to keep this a secret from the drivers, who were becoming very clamorous at being taken further than was specified in my route, to the extent of which they had been pressed into the service.

Being speedily joined by a number of sailors, the disaffection and disturbance became so great that I collected my guard, and formed them in the shape of a half-moon immediately in front of

the leading cart. I then ordered the men to bring their muskets to the charge, and lead through the crowd, which was showing a disposition to oppose our progress. Fortunately, a very steady old sergeant was with me, who begged permission to caution the men against hurting any of the people, for if they did, it might be attended with serious consequences. I consented, and whether we had been overheard, or from some other cause, I know not, but the mob broke in upon us, and the whole guard, including myself, were knocked down. I gathered myself up, and telling the sergeant to take care of the guard and baggage, I beckoned one of the soldiers, a grenadier, to follow me. Fixing my eyes steadily on the ringleader of the riot, who turned out to be a prize-fighter and waggon-owner, we dodged him out of the crowd to a secluded spot, where I pounced upon him, telling him if he did not go with me immediately to a magistrate, or offered any resistance, I would order the soldier to run his bayonet through him. Looking down upon me with the greatest contempt the fellow coolly replied, "Young gentleman, you need not be so warlike, I will shew you the Mayor's house with pleasure, and go with you myself, and probably get you fined. Your acts have been perfectly illegal, and you have no right to force on

the carts further than your route specified." He accordingly took me to the house of the magistrate, who received me very kindly, and when I had frankly told him my story in a private room, to which I had been conducted, I found that the fellow who had brought us there was a well known bad character. The magistrate said that he would do all he could to assist me; at the same time he was doubtful of having the power to compel him to proceed. After calling the man in, and commenting upon his frequent appearance before him, he counselled him to put his horse to again, and go on with the journey. The man replied that no horse of his should be put to unless the gentleman paid double for the remainder of the distance. The magistrate told me to pay the demand, and to call upon him the next day. The whole of the horses were then attached to the carts, but all the other drivers insisted upon my paying them at the same rate. As there was no escape I did so.

My troubles did not end here. The scoundrels led me by a shorter road to Devonport, over a private bridge, where I had to pay toll, and I did not arrive at the end of my journey until midnight. My day's expenses amounted to about £5, but I was too much tired and bruised to present my

account the same evening. I was told by the Quarter-Master the next morning that I was too late, as the carters had all been paid over again.

The same mob awaited the second division of baggage, which was even worse treated. Part of it was plundered by the mob, and the officer was obliged to sit in one of the carts all night.

We ultimately obtained a passage to Lisbon on board of H.M. sloop of war, the Plover, commanded by the Honourable Captain Herbert, to whom my uncle was well known. This officer was subsequently drowned off the coast of Spain. We had a very stormy passage, and I recollect that I was so sick during the whole voyage, that it became a matter of utter indifference to me whether the ship foundered or not. I also made a resolution never to go to sea again, if once on shore, unless it were for the purpose of returning to England. At the expiration of fourteen days in the month of November, a short time after the convention of Cintra had been signed, we landed at Fort St. Julian, the regiment having previously disembarked from the Island of Madeira, previous to the Battle of Vimeiro.

It is now too distant an event for me to recollect the impression received on first visiting Lisbon, excepting that the cruel and cowardly conduct of

the Portuguese population, in murdering every unfortunate Frenchman who fell into their hands, without inquiring into their misdeeds, excited my disgust. Captain Cramer of the 3rd Regiment, a Swiss by birth, was taken up, although in uniform, and put into the Leinoira prison as a spy. He was missing for some time, and when at length a note from him arrived, describing his situation, no small merriment was occasioned. The regiment afterwards moved to Belem, and to the Campo d'Ourique barracks, prior to the march through Abrantes and Almeida to Ciudad Rodrigo. It was intended that we should furnish escorts for the treasures, medical and commissariat stores, proceeding to Sir John Moore's army; but our Grenadier Company alone succeeded in effecting a junction.

The retreat of that force upon Corunna was the signal for our making a similar retrograde movement upon Lisbon, through the provinces of Tras dos Montes, with other stragglers, collected by Major-General Sir A. Cameron. At the commencement of this campaign, I had been left behind sick at Abrantes, unable to move, until an assistant-surgeon of the regiment coming up in charge of invalids, found me out, and after giving me some powerful medicine, persuaded me to

accompany him. I consented, and improved so rapidly, as soon to be capable of taking charge of the party, which was much increased by vagabonds of every description. I found it hard work to manage them. Our march was generally commenced a little before daybreak. One of our halting places was Villa Velho. The town had been abandoned by its inhabitants in consequence of the annoyance to which they had been subjected from the constant passage of troops to the ferry, which an army must necessarily cross in order to reach Almeida. Here, at Villa Velho, we spent the night. On the morrow, I thought my whole party, excepting the sergeant were *dead*, but I soon discovered they were only *dead drunk*. On getting them together, which was a work of time, a scene of confusion and riot ensued which beggars description. Passing down the ranks, I found every man with his canteen filled with French brandy. The sergeant and myself were employed in emptying the liquor on the ground, and the men were so helplessly drunk as to be incapable of resistance. It would appear that a guard of some regiment belonging to Sir John Moore's army had been left in charge of a store-house. They had exercised some vigilance, but my rascals during the night found a way into the building through

the roof. The guard discovered this just as we were about leaving the place.

The doctor having gone on in front, I was left to follow my own devices in the maintenance of discipline. This would have been no easy task had not the men begun to quarrel among themselves. I managed, however, to hit upon an expedient which soon produced the desired effect. I halted the party two or three times, and forming a ring for the belligerents, I told them not to stand scolding like women, but to fight it out like Englishmen. I further promised to remain and see fair play. The victor was generally rewarded by me with a box on the ear, and after several pitched battles had thus been organized and concluded, I managed to restore order. What would a modern martinet say to this mode of enforcing discipline? The day's journey was long and wearisome, and it was after midnight before I reached a halting place.

At Niza I received a considerable increase to my party, as well as money to pay the carmen their daily demands. I had, however, much difficulty in preventing these fellows from absconding; at first I kept a few days' pay from them, thinking that, having money due, they would not desert. This expedient was unavailing, for one night, a

considerable number of the drivers made their escape, taking the oxen with them. This happened at a time when I thought an excellent provision had been made for their security by enclosing them in a square, two faces of which were against a high wall, and the other two closely guarded by sentinels. The night in question was dark, and the carmen without being perceived made a breach in the wall, and carried off a number of bullocks, leaving the loaded carts behind, and voluntarily sacrificing about sixteen dollars arrear pay, to which they were entitled.

On arriving at Almeida, I tendered this balance to my Colonel, who told me that he was not empowered to receive it, but that at some future period I should no doubt be called upon to render an account, and that until then I had better keep it myself. I did so, and several months afterwards was called upon for acknowledgments of the sums I had received, but being again told by the Purveyor that he had no authority to receive the balance, I have kept it to this day. I might, it is true, have paid it to the Secretary at War, and obtained his receipt, or have had an acknowledgment for it published in the Army List, but I have quieted my conscience since with the knowledge that I have lost more in my accounts with

the War Department than ever I gained from it. Our retreat back to Lisbon, through the province of Tras dos Montes, in the depth of winter, consequent upon the battle of Corunna and the embarkation of Sir J. Moore's army, was, as might be expected, through a country with such execrable roads, very trying and painful. Both officers and men were without shoes or money, and although we had in charge an abundance of the latter, it was a long time before the officer commanding would allow one of the many chests containing dollars to be broken open in order to issue us a month's pay; yet at this epoch we were several months in arrear. The want of money was not so much felt as it would have been in after times. No part of the allied army having till then passed through this part of the country, the inhabitants were exceedingly hospitable, and some of the higher classes would have taken umbrage if we had brought our rations to be cooked for us. The men experienced a treatment equally kind.

I generally contrived to get my billet upon some family of rank, or upon a dignitary of the church. My constant good fortune in this respect created great surprise among my brother officers, but I had acquired by this time some knowledge of the Portuguese language, at least sufficient to distin-

guish the different orders of society by their written address. Thus, in appearing to take my billet carelessly from a number offered me, I was careful to select an Excellentissimo, or an Illustrissimo, in preference to a simple Senor. On one occasion during this march, the men of my company were billeted with me and two other subalterns (at Moncorvo). Here we halted for two or three days, and nothing could exceed, the kindness of our host, who was a well informed hidalgo, and conversant with the French language. He gave the men a side of bacon every day, and entertained the officers in princely style. In one part of his library, he had a number of works which he told us were proscribed in Portugal, and among the number I was surprised to find, "Robertson's History of Charles the Fifth." He also insisted on my sleeping in his own bed, because it was an English one; and on our taking leave on the third day, after breakfasting, he then and then only introduced his family, consisting of his wife and two daughters. They appeared lady-like women.

The Portuguese are however particularly jealous of their females. On the same march at Lamego, a singular adventure happened to me. From the window of my quarters I observed a tumult in the

street, where a great mob of Portuguese were collecting. I could not understand the nature of this hubbub, but as it evidently had reference to a house in which one of our officers was billeted, I sallied forth to see what was the matter. The Padre, in whose house I was billeted, strongly remonstrated against my going out at so late an hour as nine o'clock, and I must candidly confess it would have been better for me to have heeded his expostulations. Scarcely had I entered the street when the mob pounced upon me, and I was dragged to and fro amid much noise and confusion, without being able to understand the issue, or to ascertain what fault I had committed. There appeared much vacillation and want of union in the movements of the crowd, and the party diminishing at every step, I found myself at the last in a large palace. In this building I was pushed forward from one apartment to another, until I was left with only three of my persecutors, who, pointing to an apartment further on, desired me to enter, they themselves retiring by the entrance through which they had gained admission. Before entering the mysterious apartment as ordered, I thought I might as well peep in to see who was present. Imagine my surprise when I

beheld the Colonel of my regiment seated near the Bishop, with a large party at supper.

Now the Colonel was an object as much dreaded as the mob itself, and especially by the youngsters in the regiment. At this particular moment I could give no earthly account of myself, so I sounded a retreat. On reaching the street I could not tell how I was to gain my quarters, neither recollected the name of my host nor the part of the town in which he lived. Fortunately, the good man had sent his servants in quest of me, and they conducted me safely home. There I found the Padre in great tribulation, and the women were all crying under the impression that I had been torn to pieces by the mob, and that they would have to account for me.

I never could learn from my friend, the originator of the tumult, (an amorous Hibernian youth) what he had been doing.

We were afterwards cantoned for a short time at Lumieres near Lisbon, the army being then commanded by Sir J. Craddock, who stinted us greatly in the means of transporting our luggage. The officers were required to carry their own effects in packs the same as the men. On the arrival of Sir Arthur Wellesley, however, who succeeded to the command, all this was changed. He very

properly concluded that at the end of a day's march, the officers would be too much fatigued themselves to attend to the comforts of their men. At the Lumieres cantonment the officers led a very dissipated life. It was here that for the first and only time I was by some friends made so tipsy as to be obliged to be carried home, a distance of more than a mile.

It was while here, also, that my uncle sent to offer me the adjutancy of his Battalion of Detachments. Not liking the idea of joining this corps, I consulted Captain Cramer, a friend of my father's, who agreed in thinking that I should place myself in a very awkward situation by accepting the appointment. I therefore called upon the Colonel, and after thanking him, declined the offer. Upon this he became very violent, and said he would write to my father, and point his attention to my wayward conduct. When I intimated the terms upon which he stood with his officers would make me appear in a very ambiguous light, he became furious. I then left the room in as towering a passion as he was himself, banging the door after me.

The army again moved forward. On the day of our arrival at Obidos, I was on the baggage-guard, and it was late before I reached the town.

My billet was on a house which I afterwards found already occupied, as the following disagreeable incident will explain. It had rained heavily during the day and I was completely drenched. Finding the interior of the house closed and hearing no person moving about, I sat down before a good blazing fire in the ante-room, where, after pulling off my socks, I commenced drying my clothes and warming myself. As I did not know in what part of the town my regiment was quartered, I began to wonder where I could get supper at such an advanced hour. After I had been sitting some time over the fire, a young officer came into the room from the interior of the building to inform me, that I was in the Commanding-Engineer's quarters, and he most uncourteously desired me to quit immediately. I observed to him that I was billeted there, at the same time shewing my document. This did not seem to satisfy him, and he told me I must go out and seek other accommodation. In reply I told him, that as he seemed so anxious to get rid of me he must perform the duty of ejectment himself, as I should give myself no further trouble until the morning. He then left me, and in about a quarter of an hour returned with a native, sent by the billet-master, to shew me to a quarter where I

could be accommodated with some other officers of different corps, who had been employed on similar duty as myself. By these I was kindly received.

Some years afterwards I was with my company attending Divine Service at the Collegiate Church, Southwell, when I heard a person with a wooden leg stumping up one of the aisles. He was said to be a clergyman of note. On his reaching the pulpit, and turning round, I recognised the Obidos officer, who after getting his company and losing his leg, had entered the Church. His chief had been killed at the siege of Badajos. The preacher did not appear to recognise me, and as we left the church together, I did not shew any anxiety to renew the acquaintance, although I had been favoured with an excellent sermon. One of the subalterns with whom I was quartered for the remainder of the night at Obidos after my ejectment by the Engineer, *alias* the Reverend Preacher, was with myself told off for the main guard next morning, and finding the accommodation very superior, we volunteered to remain on duty, but were not allowed. The building occupied by the main guard belonged to a family supposed to be in the French interest, who had abandoned it after locking up the remaining apartments. My friend and myself decided on occupying one of

them, and we accordingly forced open the door of a room, wherein we found a quantity of saddlery, and a pile of wool mattrasses. These last named articles proved of great service to us, for our bedding was on a par with our wardrobes, neither of them being very extensive.

My companion, Lieutenant J—— of the — regiment, being an older soldier than myself, suggested that we should adopt the Dutch fashion of sleeping between two mattrasses. I found the plan excellent, as we were thoroughly warm, and required no blankets. On resuming the march, my friend would insist, despite my remonstrances, upon appropriating to his own use one of the saddles, and a most cumbrous piece of machinery it was.

About this period a number of British officers were appointed to the Portuguese service, under Lord Beresford. Our Colonel, R. B——, and Lieutenant C——, who belonged to the same company as myself, were amongst them. The latter officer was partner with me in a horse which I had purchased to convey our baggage, but instead of transferring the share in the animal to the two subalterns remaining in the Company, he assigned it to Ensign D. Wood, who was afterwards proved to be as great a scoundrel as ever disgraced His Majesty's service. Wood was fully alive to the

worth of the horse, and notwithstanding our remonstrances, he insisted, as C—— was indebted to him, on having his share. Thus, for their mutual accommodation, it was taken from us, and our new co-partner soon found an excuse for getting him into his own possession, and the real owners never saw the horse again.

The career of this ensign was a very singular one. It was said of him that he had been a billiard marker in Dublin, and engaged previously in some very disgraceful gambling transactions whilst the regiment was at Funchal in the island of Madeira. He continued, after getting possession of the horse, to detach himself from headquarters, and although only ranking as an ensign, he is reported to have had the effrontery to assume the command of a detachment proceeding from Lisbon to Oporto. Nearly all the officers were his seniors, but I suppose that his portly appearance must have aided the deception.

After the battle of Oporto, when the army again took the field, Ensign Wood, who had attached himself to the staff of Colonel Sir Nicholas Trant, contrived to escape joining the regiment, although the officer commanding had assured me that he would not allow him to remain away any longer, and that my horse should be returned to me.

However, as I knew Wood to be a very slippery fellow, I obtained permission, a few hours before the regiment was to march, to go in quest of him. We met accidentally in a street, at a time when I little expected to find him, and he told me he was on his way to join. I then informed him that I had come for the horse, which must be handed over forthwith. His conduct had been so ungentlemanly that I had no hesitation in telling him there was no reliance to be placed upon his word. I repeated my demand for the horse, and told him that I would not leave without it.

He pretended to be very angry, and we entered what I supposed to be his lodgings, but the place proved an inn, with which he must have been well acquainted, for he contrived to give me the slip through one of the apartments which led into the street, and I could not find him again.

All the officers were much amused at my adventures excepting the lieutenant-colonel, who was in a great rage when he found Wood had evaded joining the regiment, and I was obliged to carry my service kit in a pack on my back as before.

This portly ensign was a married man although separated from his wife, and he contrived to remain

at Oporto and escape punishment for a time. At length the day of retribution came.

He was a very plausible fellow, and, consequently, had many acquaintances. In one of his wandering expeditions he became the guest of an officer in the Paymaster-General's department, and in return for the hospitality shewn him attempted a robbery. The Commissary was awoke in the middle of the night by hearing some money fall. On getting up he discovered that his guest had broken open one of his money boxes, and had been helping himself to the contents, which he was carefully stowing away in his bed.

The Commissary, some time afterwards, having taken a little too much wine at a dinner party, became talkative, and declared that he had it in his power to get an officer in the regiment dismissed for being a thief and a blackguard. The matter coming to the ears of some officers in the corps, it was taken up by them, and the alternative presented to the worthy man of naming the individual officer to whom he alluded, or abiding the consequences. He chose the former course, and Wood was expelled the service.

Returning to the march on Oporto, and the action which took place there, I shall now confine

myself to the personal adventures of an ensign on active service. We halted a few days at Coimbra (the Portuguese University), where the 7th Fusiliers and several of our regiments were ordered to accompany a grand religious procession. The 3rd (Buffs) followed immediately in rear of the image of St. George, the titular Saint of England, who appeared mounted on a superb white charger. A hole admitted a screw from the saddle, which gave a secure but somewhat ridiculous seat to the Champion of Old England, who was further sustained on either side by numerous attendants, and by a host of priests in splendid array.

CHAPTER II.

Battle of Oporto—Advance by Abrantes into Spain—Battle of Talavera—Promotion—The Battalion ordered home—March to Lisbon—Billet and treatment of mine host—The Portuguese Service—A wicked young lady and her maid—Embarkation for Cadiz—Spanish Military Academy.

12th May, 1809, the night preceding the battle of Oporto, I slept in a field of standing corn, on the left bank of the River Douro, and either from damp or the want of a good breakfast, I found myself with a dreadful bowel complaint in the morning. In our ignorance, we imagined that the French had abandoned the city, as none of them were seen, when the Light Company, and that under the command of Brevet-Major Wellington, to which I belonged, were ordered to the banks of the river, opposite the Seminario, where we crossed in two boats that had been brought to our side of the river for that purpose. I passed with the men in the second boat, and the Light Company was pushed forward as an advanced picquet, no enemy as yet having appeared. A

lady in the Seminario gave me some wine and cake, which quite restored me for the coming fight. I had scarcely time to ruminate, before I heard the firing of musketry close to the house, and being the only officer in the court-yard, which led to the road from which the firing was heard, I sallied out to support the Light Company with such men as I could collect; these were nearly the whole of my company.

We had not proceeded far before we met the Light Company retreating before a superior force, and Cameron, its captain, ordered me back, when the whole re-entered the Seminario. I was posted at the iron gateway of the court-yard, with orders to let in any of our men, but to exclude their pursuers; these however entered the garden, and endeavoured, as I afterwards learned, to get between us and the river, so as to prevent the passage of more troops coming to our assistance. The affair was rather serious in the orange grove and garden, but five or six youngsters of different corps I met with in the court-yard, and as many soldiers, all as giddy and thoughtless as myself, sallied out at the gateway, up the paved road by which we had before retreated, and never looking behind us, proceeded to attack the different small parties of French who were coming up to reinforce

their companions in their attempt upon the Seminario. The advancing French made a great noise when marching—every small party having a drummer thumping away with all his might, and against these poor devils of drummers our fire was principally directed. We shot several, and our opponents did not seem to get on well without them, and as they were driven before us, our officers armed themselves with the French muskets. All this was well enough, as long as we were going ahead, and we had very few of our party hurt—but at length we were brought to a stand still by a party of the enemy taking post behind the walls of an enclosure, to oppose our further progress. In our advance we had been reinforced and had now about twelve or thirteen men; amongst them was a most singular character, a German rifleman, who could not or would not understand a word of English. The fellow was a dead shot, but he would not waste his ammunition on trifles, and we could not get him to fire unless his victim was in a situation to allow of his going out to plunder him. The men were in the meantime anxious to blaze away, in order to give our opponents an idea that the party was more numerous, but our friend, when remonstrated with, would coolly turn his quid of tobacco and

look on, shaking his stupid head. His conduct was very provoking, and we were almost tempted to lay violent hands upon him.

With some loss we reached a cottage, the garden of which was walled round. The door was barred in such a manner as to prevent our admission, and we were, therefore, obliged to dispense with this citadel, and confine ourselves to defending the garden wall. For a time we continued to beat back every attacking force that came against it. At length it became evident that our party, from its advanced and isolated position, was attracting considerable attention from the enemy, who, to the number of sixty men, accompanied by a large Newfoundland dog, seemed determined to drive us from the garden. We inflicted a heavy loss on our assailants during their advance, but a fine young fellow who led them succeeded in reaching the wall. On getting up it he waved his sword as a signal for his men to follow.

Our friend the rifleman was all this time busily examining the contents of a pack he had brought in, but observing the officer on the wall, with some of the enemy already over it, he took a very deliberate aim, and tumbled the gallant fellow over. This so discouraged the rest that they got

back again, and to our great delight, the whole ran away as fast as their legs could carry them.

The officer proved only to be wounded, but severely. He was a German, and did not appear more than eighteen years of age. We took as much care of him as we could, and had him conveyed to the hospital. He had previously given his watch and other things, on which he set a value, to one of our party upon being assured they would be returned to him.

Observing fresh preparations to renew the attack, as the enemy had now ascertained the smallness of our force, we determined on abandoning the fortress. It was fortunate that we came to this resolution, for the enemy had now brought a howitzer to bear upon the cottage, and before we were well clear of the garden the first discharge drove in the door, which we had been vainly endeavouring to force open.

This being the first time I was under fire, I may be asked what were my feelings on the occasion. Being a giddy, hair-brained fellow, I do not suppose that I reflected at all upon the matter. It seemed to me capital fun, and only once during the day was I really alarmed. I then lost my usual presence of mind. This occurred on our arriving suddenly at a cross road, where I met the head of

a French column advancing towards me. The leading officer, snatching a musket from one of his men, levelled it at my head. By stepping on one side I might have avoided his fire, but I was paralyzed. There was a stone cross in the centre of the cross roads, with a large stone building at the angle. The shot glanced from the corner of the building, and struck the cross in such a manner that, if I had been half a pace further advanced and between them, the world would not have been favoured with these valuable reminiscences.

I observed that our men generally were better shots than the French, possibly the powder was superior. I think also that they showed more intelligence, although this opinion may be disputed. The stone walls which intersected the country were built of loose materials, and some of the men, after placing their caps on the top of them as a *ruse de guerre*, would, by crouching, run to the angle, and there, unobserved by the enemy, open an enfilading fire. Others, who remained with the caps, would contrive, by removing a few stones, to fire through the wall without exposing themselves to the return fire of the French. In these skirmishes, the enemy always appeared to lose more men than we did. Our opponents were now in

full retreat, and I made for the first regiment I could discover on the British side. This proved to be the 29th Foot. The head of the column was on the point of charging the rear of the French, who, through the heavy sand, were endeavouring to get away from them. At this critical moment a staff-officer rode up to the head of the 29th, and ordered the men to halt. The officer commanding the regiment seemed unwilling to obey, but the staff-officer, placing his horse across the road, said, "Sir, I order you to halt, to let the cavalry pass to the front." The 29th Regiment was, as may be conceived, much disappointed.

The cavalry, in passing, kicked up a great dust, so that nothing could be seen. I had, however, already noted that the ground was not suited for cavalry to act upon with effect.

By this time the enemy had reached a deep cut through a sand hill, on the road leading to Guimarâes, and a number of them, perceiving our cavalry in pursuit, scrambled up the sides of the road, and remained there to cover the retreat of their column. The whole space was lined with sharpshooters, and the loss inflicted upon our brave fellows, who could not get at them, was

dreadful. Amongst the wounded was Colonel Hervey, who lost an arm.

I think it very doubtful whether our cavalry ever reached the rear of the French column in this charge. Had they tried to head the enemy by pushing parties round the flanks of the French, a movement which the nature of the country would seemingly have permitted, instead of charging the rear, the result might have been very different. A little further in advance there was a small open space, whereon the valour of our horsemen might have been exercised with more chance of success, whilst the 29th Regiment, pressing on the French rear, could have joined in the tournament. The Marquis of Londonderry, in his narrative, and Sir William Napier blame the 29th for not supporting the cavalry; but, for my own part, I never yet saw a Frenchman who, if he got a fair start, could not run away as fast as any Englishman could follow him, and Soult's retreat from Oporto proves the truth of this remark.

This may seem a very strange account of the battle of Oporto, making it commence with an attack of colic and end in a frustrated tournament, but so it must be. Readers must never expect to find two accounts alike in narratives of personal adventure, particularly where the narrator happens,

in any case, to belong to a marching regiment of foot, and only attempts to describe what occurred within some fifty yards of his individual nose. Even noses are not always in the same place, and consequently the scenes surrounding them must differ in the direct ratio of distance, time, and dust.

Should any of my friends desire a more comprehensive account, I must refer them to the published dispatches. These are, for the most part, sufficiently correct, but perhaps a little too much *fustian* has pervaded them of later years. Honest John Bull has, however, in this respect, as keen a relish and as capacious a swallow as *La grande nation* developed, when bulletins of the campaigns of the Emperor Napoleon were read with so much avidity.

It was late when I found my regiment, which had been hotly engaged. From what I saw of upset tumbrils, dead horses, and men, choking the outskirts of the city, the enemy must have had some difficulty in escaping from the streets in the very face of our troops.

From Oporto we moved on Abrantes, where we encamped for about a month prior to our advance upon Talavera de la Reyna. A crowd of officers were accustomed to assemble every day in the

market-place of the latter town, both before and after the action; and it was really quite amusing to hear the hoaxes and reports spread about by wags, for the edification of the news-mongers. With us, three or four officers were in the habit of messing together, and our mess was nicknamed the kidney club. I was acting for the quarter-master, who had been sent on duty to Lisbon, and the kidney club was so designated from some supposed perquisites attached to my temporary office. One day, I well remember, we had some friends from another corps dining with us, and scarcely did we commence our soup, before the camp was suddenly in an uproar. The enemy was advancing and "Fall in!" "Fall in!" resounded from all directions. Our friends ran away to rejoin their regiments; the dinner was thrown out upon the ground, in order to pack up the kettles; and the charge of my department, I suppose, must have been taken by the quarter-master-sergeant, as I joined my company, and was soon told off to carry the colours.

Lieut.-Colonel Muter, who commanded the Buffs, was considered a very clever officer. He had, however, acquired the character of being a little deficient in courtesy to his superiors, and was in consequence rather disliked by them. Perceiving

the importance of a hill to the left of our encampment, he moved the regiment as quickly as possible, and was hurrying the men, imperfectly formed in open column of companies, rear rank in front, in order to occupy the position. The General commanding the brigade had not arrived, but his aide-de-camp was unfortunately near at hand, and he insisted on the colonel halting, and forming his regiment by a counter-march in *a proper manner.*

Muter used sometimes to swear a little, and on this occasion he was not sparing in his abuse of the aide-de-camp, Captain Pechell. In the midst of this hubbub, the General arrived, and was greatly astonished at our losing so much valuable time on things so secondary. Captain Pechell then observed to the General, "You know, Sir, Colonel Muter will never do anything he is told," and this piece of effrontery was followed by the General saying, "Muter, when this is over, I shall prefer charges against you; you shall answer for your conduct."

During the time which was thus lost, a battalion of the German Legion ascended the hill on one side at the moment that the enemy was ascending the other, and thus, by a step unknown to each, they both arrived together at the crest of the hill.

It is said that neither party held their ground, and that after a sharp contest both gave way; but, on fresh troops arriving, the British were enabled to keep their position, after some loss and much confusion, owing to the darkness, in which the Germans in our service were mistaken for the enemy.

When we were moving to the hill, the advanced brigade of General Mackenzie crossed our line of march to the rear, and it being nightfall, the shells from the French guns, which were flying over our heads, looked like fireworks, although not quite so harmless. When in position on the hill, we passed a very restless night amidst the dead and the groans of the wounded French, whose sufferings we could not alleviate. It was bitterly cold, and I was glad to avail myself of a great coat belonging to a poor fellow who no longer needed it. With this, and the regimental colour wound round me, I tried to sleep. The men retained their muskets in their hands, but through the night we were frequently roused and ordered to stand to our arms.

On the following morning the enemy made a most determined attack upon our position. They were repulsed, and during the heat of the day there appeared to be a cessation of hostilities, but

in the afternoon the battle was renewed. The French again attacked the height where we were stationed, and the head of their column came in contact with our Grenadiers, and No. 1 (Major Wellington's) company. The rear of the French column seemed to push forward towards the men who were in front; whilst a number of men belonging to the 66th, and some of our own regiment doubled in rear of the two companies now actively opposed to the enemy's column, and thus obliged them to stand their ground. The officer, Ensign Manders, carrying the king's colour, called on me to follow him. Accordingly, we placed ourselves at the head of the Grenadiers, whilst Nos. 1 and 2 companies wheeled to their right, and enveloping the enemy, prevented them from deploying into line. It seemed for awhile as though neither party would or could give way, and the smoke obstructed the view except when the flashing of the powder showed the grim faces and moustaches of our opponents. At length a French trumpet sounded, what we took to be a retreat, and it was responded to by a cheer from our men. Off went the enemy down the hill in the greatest disorder, and some of our fellows in following paid dearly for their rashness, as I am sorry to say that

a number of them were found shot in the back by their own comrades.

Our Grenadiers and No. 1 company were nearly annihilated. My brother ensign and myself were called forward by the Lieut-Colonel, and publicly thanked by him in front of the regiment. Manders had prior to this engagement been grossly slandered, and a rumour prevailed that he had shewn himself deficient in courage at the battle of Oporto. This false imputation was known to have preyed greatly upon his mind, and may serve to shew how manifestly cruel and unjust it is to asperse the conduct of a brave and devoted officer on slight grounds.

I had credit for possessing a tolerable appetite, and I must say that I felt most acutely when my daily bread was absolutely wanting, or was deficient in quantity. On this occasion, my servants and baggage had been sent away to the rear, and I should most assuredly have been visited by my old enemy the colic, if some of my friends, who were more provident than myself, had not relieved my necessities. The remembrance of their kindness is so vivid as almost to occasion a forgetfulness of the French, who were left tumbling down the hill "*sauve qui peut.*"

From the apparently helpless confusion of the

men it was really surprising to witness the rapidity with which they re-formed. A brigade of cavalry had been brought round to charge this mob of fugitives, and one of the most imposing sights I ever witnessed was their advance in three lines. I could only compare them to three immense waves of the sea following each other in succession, with a rapidity and force which seemed utterly irresistible.

Rapid as lightning, however, the enemy succeeded in forming a square, interposing between it and the cavalry a deep and steep banked watercourse, which very few of our horsemen could clear, and those who did pass it, were either killed or taken prisoners. The leading regiment was literally cut to pieces, the others effected a retreat with less loss.

During the remainder of the day we suffered greatly from the fire of the enemy's artillery. Our regiment lay rather under the crest of the hill, concealed from observation, but, suspecting we were there, the French plied us with ricochet shot, fired with so small a charge of powder, that we could see the shot coming rolling along like a cricket ball, and a stranger might imagine that its progress could be stopped at pleasure.

Our poor Colonel was spinning a yarn, seated

within a circle of officers, who were listening to him, when one of these shots struck outside the circle, and bounding over the heads of those seated with their backs to it, struck the Colonel, and carried away the lower part of his face. I had seen the ball coming, and had time with two or three others to get out of the way. Although nearly spent, the shot struck the flank of the light company, and tumbled the men down like a pack of cards. Some of them were killed and several much hurt. The Colonel was taken to Talavera, but not allowing his wounds to be dressed, he died the following day. After another sleepless night on empty stomachs, we were gladdened on the morrow at seeing the enemy in full retreat, and still more pleased to think we were not called upon to follow them.

At a later hour, some of the baggage came up, and we were enabled to procure food. The retreat of our army upon Portugal, leaving the wounded and their medical attendants behind, together with the misconduct of the Spanish authorities, and the imbecility of their general (Cuesta) are matters of history. I need not therefore dwell upon them, nor upon the arrival of the Light Brigade after the action, excepting that with them came also a recommendation to Sir Arthur Wellesley from his

Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, through which I obtained my lieutenancy in the 91st regiment without purchase. Thereupon, I was ordered to join the battalion of detachments commanded by my uncle; the officer to whose vacancy I had succeeded, having been killed in action while doing duty with this corps.

We were well supplied with meat during the retreat upon Portugal, for the men most unscrupulously helped themselves to pork whenever they fell in with a herd of pigs feeding in cork woods. Although against orders, this proceeding was rendered more pardonable by the supply of bread being sadly deficient. A sergeant who was chasing a pig and trying to spear him, fell upon the butt end of his halbert, which went through his body and killed him on the spot. The peasantry, if they had bread, took care to hide it, and flour was frequently issued in lieu. Once I recollect we received a ration of wheat; we were at the time *au bivouac* on the banks of a stream, and I was caterer and head-cook to our small mess. Not knowing what to do with the grain, I caused it to be pounded on the rocks, and made into hard dumplings to boil with the meat. They were pronounced excellent, but I suppose execrable was meant. Had M. Soyer, of soup celebrity, been

employed, I very much doubt whether with such materials he could have concocted anything better or more palateable.

I joined the battalion of detachments to which I now belonged at Talavera (not Talavera de la Reyna). The Sergeant-Major was waiting for me with the order book, in which I read my appointment to the adjutancy. Although not over pleased, I at once decided not to take the salary of that appointment, as the former adjutant had become non-effective from his wounds. I did nothing, and in consequence got on tolerably well with all.

I have few recollections of the march of the battalion towards the place of embarkation, excepting that at Badajos (this was before the siege, or its occupation by the French), I thought the inhabitants were particularly uncivil and insolent. I noticed the same at Ciudad Rodrigo a short time before. On our arrival at Lisbon, I was accommodated by a friend of my uncle's (the Marquesa d'Alvito) in his palace at Belem. My quarters looked upon the river, and were detached from the family apartments. The marquis employed himself through the day in playing the French horn. The marchioness, who had been gay and pretty in her younger days, was now

rather *passée*, but her former charms were not alienated from the family as they were reflected in her daughter, who some few years later was considered the belle of Lisbon. The son, a youth of about twelve years of age, had for his tutor an Irish priest who was chaplain to the family.

His reverence was my most frequent visitor, and he used to unburden his mind to me respecting his pupil, who could neither read nor write. In England, he would say, such a thing would not be believed of a young nobleman; but he was afraid to lecture or coerce him in any way, as the marchioness always took her son's part, and he was afraid of being turned out of doors in his old age. In all matters of this kind, her authority was paramount; the marquis being considered a mere nonentity.

When the battalion of detachments was about to rejoin their corps in England, the Colonel sent for me to know whether I was desirous of remaining in the country. He however declined advising me what course to pursue, saying, he was sure my father would find fault with him. Should it be my wish to remain in Portugal, in preference to rejoining my regiment, the 91st, he thought he could arrange it by getting me a company in the Portuguese army. The 91st being a

Highland regiment, and at that time very clannish, it struck me that I might be subject to persecution and annoyance; I therefore gladly decided on remaining.

Having now all my baggage with me, I was somewhat startled by an unfortunate discovery. My step-mother had supplied me on leaving home with an enormous outfit, and it was not therefore at all times under my daily surveillance. When I came to examine my trunks, they were filled with straw, with the exception of a few articles spread over the top. I could not avoid changing my servants frequently, and my effects were never handed over to me with any degree of regularity, so that I could attach blame to no one but myself. In this emergency, I drew upon my father for twenty pounds, to enable me to refit; and this was the last pecuniary allowance I ever received from my family.

This amount was sufficient to provide me with a Portuguese uniform, and such things as were more immediately required, and having made it a point not to exceed my income, I had no debts to provide for.

I found on application at the office of the Adjutant-General to the Portuguese army, that I was to be appointed to a company in the 20th

Portuguese regiment; but it was a long time, before I was gazetted. The regiment was quartered at the Campo d'Ourique barracks, and I waited upon Major Prior, an aide-de-camp to Marshal Beresford, who, under this title and that of Adjutant of Discipline, was really in command of the regiment. He informed me that he had heard nothing of my appointment, although the company to which I said I was to succeed was vacant, and he seemed glad to have the assistance of an Englishman. I was, however, without employment some time, waiting to be gazetted.

Colonel Peacock at that time commanded the depôt of the British army at Lisbon, and a precious set he had under his control. He was withal particularly active in finding out idlers, who were absent from their corps, amusing themselves at Lisbon, and would insist upon their joining his corps until he had an opportunity of sending them up to their regiments with the army.

As I soon attracted his attention, he sent to inquire who I was, and what I was doing. It was in vain I urged that the corps to which I previously belonged had embarked for England, and that I was only waiting to be gazetted to a company in the Portuguese army. He ordered me to join his depôt until I received my company,

and in the meantime gave me the charge and payment of one in the depôt. I had no uniform but the Portuguese, and that he was determined should not prevent me from mounting guard. However, my name appearing in the Gazette on the same day, I was released from guard, and the charge of a company in the battalion under his command. I thought to be revenged; an English sentry had recently been placed at the stage-door of the theatre, in the Rue des Condes, and Prior and myself in uniform went as usual behind the scenes, on the plea of being Portuguese officers, with whom the sentry had no right to interfere. We were however promptly checked by a Portuguese sentry being placed there also. In order to be nearer my work at the depôt I had changed my quarters and obtained a billet on a rich fidalgo and contractor, named George, at Belem. I was however soon obliged to quit his house, as the old fellow was indignant that a subaltern had been billetted upon him, and he tried to get me other quarters. I would not move however, and was therefore, by his order, located in a garret at the head of the principal staircase. On going to bed I found the sheets not only damp, but absolutely wet. My own servant was gone, as he was not allowed to remain in the house, and although I

shouted very lustily I could get no one to attend upon me. The servants from below said they would call the Senhor if I was not quiet. Upon this threat, I gathered the wet sheets in my hands, and resolved on calling him myself.

On the night in question, it so happened that he had a large evening party. Many carriages had drawn up, and the hall beneath the staircase was crowded with livery servants. At length the old gentleman made his appearance, and the powdered footmen giving way, enabled him to come under the staircase. He was short in stature, and wore an immense quantity of hair powder. He seemed very angry at my creating such an uproar when his house was full of visitors. Bent on mischief I let the sheets down. They were of considerable weight, and came plump upon the old gentleman's head, before he could stand from under them, and down he went upon his back. The servants hitherto awe-stricken at the great man's presence, could not refrain from laughter. The male visitors did not behave much better, with the exception of a few, who helped him to rise and regain the saloon, where the consternation was not so general, as to prevent some of the ladies from coming out to abuse me,—the most charitable of them put me down as a poor

mad Englishman, and only wondered at the fidalgo's goodness in receiving me into his house. In the meantime I retreated into my den, and locked the door. Then taking one of the blankets which had been least affected by the wet sheets, I rolled myself in it, and soon fell asleep on the floor. I rose early, and went to make some of my companions acquainted with my misadventure. They all recommended me not to return, but to send a servant for my luggage. I did so, and heard no more of the matter, although I fully expected the fidalgo would report the circumstance. In all probability he did not know where to find me.

I now joined at Campo d'Ourique barracks the 20th or Campo Maior Regiment of Infantry. The men were from the provinces of Alemtejo, and were good, honest, and simple-minded. They were at first armed in all sorts of ways. Major Prior was a Captain in the 50th Regiment, and had served in Egypt. He and I were the only Englishmen in this corps, if, indeed, I may call him one, for his father had served in the Portuguese artillery at Oporto, in which city young Prior was born, and having been brought up in the country, he spoke the language like a native.

At this period, although I had passed more

than two years in military service, I knew nothing of the duties of my profession. Having never commanded a company on a field day, it was painful to reflect that I was now called upon to teach others what I really did not know myself. Besides, a number of the Portuguese officers appeared very intelligent, and had made some little progress in their knowledge of drill as established in the British army. They were taught, I suppose, by a British sergeant, who was at this time attached to the regiment.

Major Prior was himself a particularly smart, active, and intelligent officer in field duties, and on the plea of being insufficiently acquainted with the language and the words of command, I obtained exemption from the charge of a squad for a week or ten days. After attending the drill parades, and paying especial notice to what was going on, I employed myself on returning to my billet by referring to my notes on the king's regulation for this period; and for the first time I became to understand Dundas. Prior to this, I considered it a very stupid book, and beyond all comprehension. I went even further and translated into Portuguese the *eighteen* manœuvres, which afterwards became very generally circulated through the Portuguese army.

Major Prior and myself became very great friends, and we were ever afterwards on the best of terms. Whilst the regiment remained at Campo d'Ourique barracks, I was billetted in the house of a silk-weaver, and it was only by being firm with him that I maintained order. I was obliged to take forcible possession of my quarters, and after doing so, he nailed up all the doors except the one by which I entered. He had a niece living with him, and they both appeared to regard me in the light of a heretic or a wild beast. My host's bed-room had glass doors, looking into my apartment, and the niece amused herself by watching me occasionally, exclaiming, "*Oh! you English devil,*" at the same time making grimaces. She was pretty, and I was too gallant to feel annoyed. The young lady became bolder in consequence, and she contrived to loosen the nail which her uncle had placed over the latch, so as to remove it on her side at pleasure.

She would then strut into my room occasionally, with her arms *akimbo*, taking care to interpose a chair between us, for me to tumble over, I suppose, in the event of my attempting to catch her, and would continue her habit of making faces at me. Eventually, however, we became better friends; she would talk to me, and take an ap-

parent interest in what I was doing. But she was always on her guard, and although I frequently attempted to surprise and catch her, the confounded chair was always in my way. She managed thus to escape in time, and replace the nail over the latch. Once only I succeeded in seizing my tormentor. Her attention had been attracted by some footsteps, supposed to be those of her uncle, when I pounced upon her. She made such earnest and pitiful gesticulations that I gave her a squeeze and immediately released her.

An old servant-maid at times assisted her mistress in tormenting me. Portuguese females have seldom any better occupation. My sleeping apartment was a small dressing-room at the head of the stairs, and opened into the sitting room. The bedstead being placed against the door precluded entry from the stairs, but mischief will seek admission anywhere. Without my noticing it, they had removed the bedstead a few inches from the door, leaving just sufficient space to admit a stick. They were thereby enabled to thrust at and plague me, and in one instance I awoke perishing with cold. I made a rule afterwards of inspecting my dormitory more narrowly before retiring for the night, as the two were so fond of playing tricks and amusing themselves at my expense, that they

were continually devising some new mode of annoyance. This system was carried to such an extent that I began to regret that I had let the young lady off so cheaply. Major Prior occasionally dined with me, and would, in a jocular manner, when opportunity offered, lecture the young lady on her naughtiness. On these occasions she would pertly reply, "We wish we had you here, we would serve you worse, for although you are a Portuguese, you are no better than the Englishman." When I left the house we were all good friends, and both the uncle and niece came to take leave of me.

The regiment was now ordered to embark for Cadiz, and many were the conjectures of the good people of Lisbon on this occasion. Some would insist that we were to be taken to England for the purpose of replacing losses sustained by the English army in the war, and should never have permission to return to Portugal.

However, the men and officers embarked cheerfully, and on arriving at Cadiz, I was so good a drill instructor as to be appointed to the duty of Field-Adjutant, and was, in virtue of this position, allowed to draw forage for a horse.

While here, Lieut.-Colonel Bushe joined, and took command of the regiment, and Prior, after

remaining a short time with us, returned to his former appointment as aide-de-camp to Marshal Beresford.

The Spaniards had, in the first instance, refused to admit an English garrison into Cadiz under the command of Sir B. Spencer, but now that the French army was moving on Cadiz, they readily consented, and the 20th Portuguese were ordered to be quartered at the San Fernando Barracks at La Ysla de Leon. The British force was under the command of Sir Thomas Graham (afterwards Lord Lynedoch), and besides the 20th Portuguese Regiment, if I recollect rightly, we had three battalions of Guards, the 2nd Hussars of the King's German Legion, 2nd Battalion of the 47th Foot, 2nd Battalion 87th Foot, 97th Foot, and the 79th, and 95th Regiment (Rifles).

Our barrack was a large building, the nucleus of a town to be called San Fernando. In the same structure were also Spanish troops, commanded by two Englishmen, Don Carlos Doyle, and Don F. Whittingham; while the hospital and a Spanish military academy occupied some buildings opposite.

With some of the lectures at the latter institution I was much amused. The audience occupied one end of the room, while the lecturer stood at

the other, immediately in front of a large piece of black oil-cloth, which was suspended from the wall. Upon this the lecturer, with a stick and a piece of chalk, delineated the evolutions he was about to describe. The mathematical principles to be observed in the execution of any given movement, and the reason it was necessary for the guides of divisions to be on particular flanks, so as to ensure its prompt and steady completion, were carefully explained. Of course the remarks were based on the French system then in use by the Spanish army; but the echelon movements in changing front, whether from column or from line, were all demonstrated. I am not aware whether any such practice exists in our military colleges; but it has often been to me a matter of surprise that in large garrison towns a competent person has not been appointed as a mathematical teacher, with sufficient knowledge of tactics to be capable of explaining the principles of battalion, brigade, or line movement, as laid down in the Queen's Regulations.

A merely practical drill will not so soon perceive the cause and consequences of a false movement, or be so ready with a remedy, as a person who has studied and understood the principles on which they are based.

It will be said that all this kind of information may be acquired from the book of Field Exercise for the Army; but how stands the fact? Let any five officers out of ten (even those in command of Regiments need not be excepted) be suddenly called upon to place a corps between two determined points in line or in column intersecting their then position at an angle greater than a right angle, or on distant points either fronting or in rear, and at varied angles of obliquity to the ground then occupied for second lines and reserves, and see how long they will be in doing it. For my part, I have seldom seen regiments moved into position at once, without after movements and changes, notwithstanding the ground may have been measured and marked out for them to occupy. It would, I have sometimes thought, be a mercy to let the men disperse, and afterwards reform on their covering sergeants, particularly when no time can be spared for vacillation. Steadiness and precision are excellent and essential qualities, but they are not worth a button without the flexibility and handiness which ought to be required of troops under all circumstances.

CHAPTER III.

Mistaken views of duty regarding intercourse with corps of other nations, our allies—Misunderstanding with the Colonel of my regiment—Parties at La Ysla—A ball and the Highland piper—Advanced batteries—Battle of Barrossa—Visit to the field on the following day to bring off the wounded—Appointment as Brigade-Major on the British Staff—An assassin and a sanctuary—Wild freak of the niece of a Spanish Marchioness—Orders to accompany the expedition to Tarifa—Tangiers.

In order to facilitate the communication between the Portuguese corps and the English regiment which was about to be quartered with us under the same roof, I was desired to give up a number of rooms (which were pointed out to me by the Quarter-Master-General's department) to the 95th Rifle Corps. With these arrangements, Lieutenant-Colonel B——, who commanded the Rifles, seemed much dissatisfied, and wished me to give him more accommodation, which I declined doing.

I was amused at his telling me that my conduct was thoroughly un-English in refusing to accommodate my countrymen in preference to the

Portuguese. In my situation, however, I considered it a paramount duty to look after the men belonging to my own corps.

The allowance of forage for a horse which I at first received, was now taken from me and given to a young fidlago, a lieutenant in the regiment, who was appointed by Lieutenant-Colonel Bushe to act as adjutant, but I continued to attend at the brigade office for the purpose of receiving orders for the regiment, as I had before done when Prior was in command. The last named officer was destined to remain absent from us only a short time, as the Marshal had discovered that he could get no work done by the rest of his personal staff since Prior had rejoined him.

One day being unable to find any of his staff, he repaired to the tent, in which he always had a table laid with refreshments for any officer who might call on duty. Here he found Prior with nothing on but his shirt, sitting on a corner of the dining-table, haranguing the rest of the staff, who were evidently much amused. The Marshal, who was in a great rage, had entered unperceived by the party, and ordered Prior to his regiment at Cadiz forthwith. In hot weather this style of negligé was his favourite costume, and I have frequently seen him at Senhora Valdeses, where

he was billeted, wandering in this way about the house, even to the immediate vicinity of the ladies' apartments. The *old tabbies* shrugging their shoulders would tell me "it cannot be helped; he will do as he likes;" but despite this eccentricity Prior was a great favourite with them.

We had a captain's guard at the Cano de Herreira (a mill) on the San Fernando side opposite to the Trocadeira, where the principal batteries of the enemy stood. It was arranged that when this guard came to my turn, I might be permitted to leave it in charge of the subaltern while I attended the brigade office for orders. The distance was upwards of a mile, and the weather exceedingly hot that one day I neglected to attend. The consequence was that in the regimental orders I received a severe censure from Lieutenant-Colonel Bushe. As this was my first offence, I felt much annoyed, and Prior coming afterwards to visit my guard and joking me about it, I became more irate than ever. I desired him to tell Lieutenant-Colonel Bushe, that as the performance of that supposed duty had hitherto been purely voluntary on my part, I purposed, with a view of preventing any repetition of my name in orders of this kind, never undertaking it again.

Bushe referred the matter to the Adjutant-General on the station, who of course gave judgment against him, and nothing could be done unless I was appeased by some apology. The Lieutenant-Colonel declined offering any, and was therefore obliged to take the orders himself.

Prior wished me to render the same assistance to Bushe that I had formerly given him, but I took occasion to remind him that I had now no horse, as the means of maintaining one had been taken from me. Under these circumstances, I should now have to incur a greater amount of fatigue than the Lieutenant-Colonel had any right to expect from me as a favour. The next day I received a message to the effect that forage would be restored, and that I was in future to be relieved from the necessity of mounting guard, on condition that I would undertake the duty of first adjutant, and superintend the preparation of the returns in English, as a great number of them were then constantly required. I acceded to this proposal, but was never on the same familiar terms with Lieutenant-Colonel Bushe after the occurrence as I had been with Prior.

La Ysla was very gay from the number of Spanish families of rank who, to escape persecution for their political opinions and from the

French, had selected this place for their abode. The Portuguese officers had also their particular parties, and the officers of the 79th Regiment joined us.

A curious instance of that nationality for which the Scotch have become so notorious took place at one of these parties. It seems that a blind piper had been brought all the way from the Highlands with the regiment, and a young Highlander, a steward of the ball with myself, was extremely anxious to introduce him into the ball-room. Remonstrance was fruitless, and the piper was led up the room with all the pomp and circumstance of war, playing a Pibroch as loud and discordant as any of his breechless brethren could wish. The affrighted Spanish ladies putting their fingers in their ears ran round the room in amazement, wanting to know from me what was the matter. At length, finding that this most uproarious noise was likely to continue, as these Cameronian fellows were preparing for a Highland fling among themselves, the damsels fairly fled into the garden and left them to indulge their national predilection all alone in their glory. On my pointing out to my colleague that the ladies had all left the room, his reply in broad Scotch was,

"Noo, Sir, you maun ken that the piper we've just heard is ane of the best in a' the Hielans; an gin the savages (meaning the Spanish women) cannot appreciate him they dinna ken what guid music is any mair nor yoursel."

After all, the science of music seems purely conventional, for the ear of the Scot finds something to approve in the drone of the Highland pipe, while his southern neighbour finds in it a discord of the most outrageous character; being unable to comprehend the possibility of any harmony subsisting in a note such as the drone, especially when it forms the accompaniment of every other note in the gamut.

The natives of India consider their monotonous beat on the tom tom, accompanied by a drawling nasal chaunt, better than any European music, vocal or instrumental. Our music is to them insufferable, and they will not listen to it. I was once at a concert where a very old lady, an admirer of Handel and Beethoven, was called upon to bestow her meed of praise on a young lady who had just finished playing some exceedingly brilliant, noisy, and difficult variations on the piano-forte; her reply was,

"Oh! yes, very fine, no doubt, and the

execution marvellous; but I wish it were impossible!"

A considerable number of men were now employed in constructing a chain of redoubts and other field-works for the defence of La Ysla de Leon. The French also were employed in erecting similar works with detached redoubts of circumvallation. I sometimes walked out by the Puente de Suazzo Bridge to the advanced batteries, but whenever there was an unusual assemblage the enemy invariably opened fire. On these occasions, a man was appointed to call out "*shot*" or "*shell*" whenever a gun was discharged, as a warning to those in the redoubts, who were thus cautioned to get out of the way.

It was easy to decide when a shell was thrown, as the smoke ascended in a curl, and these shells would sometimes fall in a battery and explode. The best way of avoiding the splinters was to lie down flat; for if it fell near you a better chance of escape might be afforded than if you were more distant from it, as the splinters generally fell wide after a shell had burst.

Some men having been occasionally killed and others wounded, an order was issued to prevent amateurs visiting the batteries. Sometimes the whole of the redoubts would commence firing shot

and shell at each other. On the part of the French this might probably be in celebration of a birthday, and on our part to try the range. It was easy on these occasions to tell whether the shot was directed to your particular battery or otherwise. Thus a flame or flash would indicate that the gun was pointed in a lateral direction, while a short flame or a mere point most certainly denoted its direction towards yourself.

I was once a spectator in one of the batteries, where a Spaniard was lying asleep under one of the banquettes, when a shell from the enemy fell into the battery. We had all thrown ourselves flat on our faces as distant from the danger as we possibly could on so short a notice. Unfortunately, the noise awoke the sleeping Spaniard who was before safe. He now ran about rubbing his eyes, and placed himself nearly over the shell, which, in exploding, killed him on the spot.

During the whole period that I was at La Ysla, no one would have supposed that place and Cadiz to have been in a state of siege. The inhabitants appeared as little affected by what was going on as though the enemy had been a hundred miles distant. Balls and entertainments (particularly during the Carnival) of the gayest and most lively description were given, and I soon acquired

a tolerable mastery of the Spanish language. My after experience has revealed as great a facility in forgetting, as in attaining the knowledge of a foreign tongue, when not employing it in daily converse. I have, however, always understood any one addressing me in a language I had once learned, even when unable to reply.

The British officers in the Portuguese service generally ranked a grade higher than they did in our own, and this sometimes occasioned jealousy and heart-burning. Lieutenant-Colonel Bushe was only a Major in the English service, and an officer commanding one of the battalions of guards doing duty at La Ysla, of the same rank as the Lieutenant-Colonel, but his junior, could not understand how he was to be commanded by Bushe, and expressed a determination to try the question of precedence, if ever they came on duty together. It was not long before this opportunity occurred, for two field-officers mounted garrison duty daily, each taking a district for his rounds, the senior making his selection.

Bushe being equally determined to maintain his right, rode up to Lieutenant-Colonel T—— when the picquets were to be marched off, and desired him to take the Galineros district. The latter was very indignant and made his representation to

Sir T. Graham, by whom it was forwarded to the Duke of York. The decision, as might have been expected, was as follows: "Our allies always take precedence according to their rank and the seniority of the services respectively. Lieutenant-Colonel Bushe being an Englishman did not affect the question, and it was immaterial whether he held the rank of Major or no rank at all in the British service. He was a Lieutenant-Colonel of longer standing in the army of our allies and must take precedence accordingly."

A similar scene took place afterwards with myself on the occasion of an intended attack upon the Trocadero, with a view of destroying a number of gunboats which the enemy had been constructing in the canal. My company of Portuguese and a company of the —— Regiment were to have attacked a mill, and this company, commanded by a very old subaltern, was placed under my orders accordingly. I had only been twelve months a lieutenant in the British service, and feeling for the old fellow's chagrin at being commanded by a boy, I purposely avoided giving him any orders. The tide did not answer for the intended surprise, and we were ordered back to our quarters. It was very well that we were, for the Lieutenant got so intoxicated that it would have been extreme-

ly difficult to co-operate with him with any chance of success.

The French having withdrawn a number of troops, and weakened their force before Cadiz, an expedition was formed, with a view of obliging the enemy to raise the siege. A British force accompanied and formed part of the expedition, and the 20th Regiment of Portuguese furnished its two flank companies on this occasion.

Lieutenant-Colonel Bushe assumed the command of them to the great annoyance of Prior, who was left at La Ysla in charge of the regiment. After some difficulty, Bushe allowed me to accompany him, and as both the Portuguese captains of Grenadiers were my seniors, I had to serve under them by taking charge of a subdivision.

Each of these Grenadier companies mustered upwards of a hundred rank and file, and were certainly in appearance a fine body of men. Our Lieutenant-Colonel was exceedingly anxious to try their mettle, and had always wished for an opportunity of testing their worth.

We disembarked at Tarifa, which was then garrisoned by the 28th Foot from Gibraltar. This regiment entertained the officers on landing, and afterwards accompanied us. The British force

forming the expedition consisted of parts of the 2nd Hussars (German Legion), Grenadier Guards, Coldstream Guards, Scots Fusilier Guards, with the 28th, 67th, 87th, 95th (Rifles) Regiments, and a proportion of artillery.

It is said that Sir Thomas Graham consented to place himself under the orders of the Spanish General. The march was consequently pursued without guides, apparently without any knowledge of the country, and altogether in the most unsatisfactory manner. If the Spanish General had any plan of operations, he most certainly would never condescend to explain it. A request that an English officer might be entrusted with the intended route, one day prior to a projected march, in order to prevent the troops from being harassed with long, unnecessary, and circuitous journeyings, was met by the reply that, "If a mistake had been made one day, it was no reason why it should occur again." Thus we had been marching the whole night preceding the Battle of Barrossa, and were compelled to ford a deep river, when it was supposed we should find a bridge.

Wearied and hungry as we were, it was yet a splendid sight to witness the enthusiasm with which both British and Portuguese dashed into the cold stream on perceiving their aged general

standing up to his shoulders in the almost icy element, with the officers of his staff around him, pointing out the direction of the ford. As he sought to animate their exertions, it was evident he was ensuring their good-will.

It was known that the French, owing to their very extended line of circumvallation, could not bring any force to oppose us without abandoning their batteries, while, by retaining the garrisons in them, they might have been taken in reverse and beaten in detail. It would seem that they were actually prepared to raise the siege in consequence, but our unworthy allies, with treason and folly in the van, marched onwards without seeking the enemy, and passed into La Ysla by a bridge of boats which had been thrown across the river at St. Peter by the garrison of Cadiz. Thus, they returned without effecting any one of the objects for which the expedition had sailed from the same port some weeks before. It was otherwise with the Anglo-Portuguese division, which had formed the rear-guard of the allied army, and was now left without instructions. On arriving at a height which overlooked the coast and the route by which the Spaniards were marching, we halted for a short time, and then renewed our advance, following the direction they had taken.

On descending the eminence, we soon entered the wood which lay before us. At this moment one of the Hussars of the King's German Legion rode up to the General, and told him we were in the presence of the enemy, who were preparing to attack us. He seemed at first to doubt the truth of this intelligence, but a round shot came amongst us and killed Captain Thomas, of the Guards. He was then convinced of its accuracy, and "Right about face, *form as you can!*" was the order given. Compliance with it was no easy matter, as the 87th Regiment were entangled in the wood. A dispute also arose between them and the Guards, who claimed the right of leading out, although the 87th had previously followed them and were nearer the enemy. Moreover, Paddy did not seem at all disposed to cede the honour which the other claimed, and as a consequence the two corps got mixed together.

Although the whole line formed more quickly than I could have supposed, yet some of the regiments were obliged to form by wings in different parts of it. My attention was particularly attracted by our guns when moving out of the wood, as I expected to see some of them overturned every minute; yet they passed through the intricate maze of pine trees, taking up, when

outside, an excellent position with astonishing celerity, and afterwards did great execution by discharges of Shrapnel shells.

Lieutenant-Colonel Bushe, with his Portuguese, was ordered to cover the guns; but his great friend, Barnard, passing with his Rifles at the time, he preferred attaching himself to the fortunes of the latter. The Rifles took up an advanced position, in extended order, to cover the formation of the British line, and Bushe formed his Portuguese to support them, in a deep road which ran parallel between the line of our infantry and the extended line of skirmishers.

The advance of the French line was a most imposing spectacle, and there was a much more ostentatious display of plumes and martial music than we could have shown under similar circumstances. The fire of their invisible enemies (the Rifles) must, however, have proved very deadly, as it served to arrest their march, and caused them to open a desultory fire from their whole line in return. This had considerably deranged their hitherto parade-like formation. Lieutenant Colonel Barnard and his horse were both severely wounded, and the object of gaining time to protect the formation of our troops having been attained, the Rifles withdrew.

Lieutenant-Colonel Bushe being very short-sighted, I ventured on pointing out to him, without being understood by the rest of the detachment, that the Rifles having been withdrawn, our present position between the two armies could only obstruct the fire of our line, which was preparing to advance. I further urged that our two companies, acting on the defensive against the whole French line, could not succeed, but might in the event of their retreat create some confusion in our own ranks. He, however, chose to remain, and told me to mind my own business. Up to this time, our men had not fired, and I employed myself in posting them where they might do most execution without exposing themselves. The French seemed suspicious of an ambuscade, halting, vacillating, and then marching again; but as Bushe and his horse were the only objects visible to them, they were soon placed *hors de combat.* The Lieutenant-Colonel contrived to get out of his Hussar saddle, and I was in hopes that his wounds were not serious; but almost immediately after he fell backwards apparently dead. I got some men for the purpose of sending him to the rear, when he opened his eyes, saying, "Let me alone, Bunbury; I am dying."

The detachment seemed greatly disheartened,

and to make matters worse, the Senior Captain, who was next in command, harangued his men, saying, "Boys, I always told you that these mad Englishmen would get us into some such scrape as this; but let us be off, what are we doing here?"

I was now as desirous that they should remain as I was before anxious for their withdrawal, when it could be done without loss. But that time was now passed; so pointing out to them our line formed and ready to advance, and showing them that we had yet good cover, I begged they would stay; as, if they attempted to move while the enemy was so near, they would be shot down like mosquitoes. My representations were of no avail, the old captain saying, "I will take my company away at all events." Off they went, taking with them half of the other company, to which I had been attached. As I had foreseen, the enemy made dreadful havoc among them; the old captain, with many of the men, being wounded. My fellows in the same manner went away in twos and threes. I seized one man in order to drag him back, but he was shot dead while I held him. On looking back to my old post, I saw two French soldiers rifling my old colonel, and then thought it high time to vanish with the others.

In passing the 87th Regiment, which was then forming, I stopped to speak to Somerville, the Captain of the Light Company, and told him the fate of our Lieutenant-Colonel. He stepped on one side to allow me to pass, and on resuming his place, received a dreadful wound in the groin. The line now advanced, but without firing a shot. The French formation was already broken by their irregular attack upon the Portuguese. The 87th gave them a hearty cheer, or rather a most unearthly howl. This was more than the French could stand, and they put about. The 87th then poured a volley into them, and the whole line charged. It was here I saw Sir Thomas Graham on foot (his horse having been shot under him) waving his cocked hat and cheering on the Guards to the charge.

On the right of our line the battle had been fought with great obstinacy, and our loss was here very great. The 2nd Hussars of the King's German Legion made several charges on the French Cuirassiers, who received them *à pied ferme*, with their long straight swords pointed. The Hussars could at first make no impression, but from the moment that the Cuirassiers put about they became perfectly helpless, and our Hussars cut them down without remorse. The

story told of a Spanish Regiment of Hussars, commanded by an Englishman, a General Officer, who has since held a command in India, having stood looking on is but too true! A Spanish Infantry Regiment on hearing the firing had returned to join the British Division.

Having collected a few of my men on the extreme left of the line, a howitzer, which the enemy were about to withdraw, and for which purpose they were bringing up horses, was pointed out to me by a serjeant who was with us. He was the son of one of our captains. We all immediately ran for a clump of small pines, and from them opened fire upon the drivers and horses. Some of the animals were killed or wounded, and the remainder becoming unmanageable the drivers were but too glad to cut the traces and leave the howitzer, which was never served through the the remainder of the day. We could not approach it, however, as the enemy's line of retreat ran in that direction.

Although the cover was insufficient to protect us, and we were much exposed, I succeeded in catching a lame Frenchman, who had thrown away his musket and lost his shoe. Dragging my prisoner to where the rest of the party had stationed themselves, I made him stand up and

interpose himself between me and his friends. Thus protected, I lay down, and the enemy slackened their fire. The poor Frenchman was at first in a great fright, but on perceiving my object in making him stand up, he seemed rather amused. In return for his services, I let him go as soon as by the advance of the British line we were able to extricate ourselves from so disagreeable a position.

The action at Barrossa, has been considered one of the hardest fought battles in the Peninsula, and the loss we sustained was proportionately severe.

Lieut.-Colonel Bushe was not dead; as I had supposed. Shortly after the action he was removed to his quarters at La Ysla, but survived only a few days, owing to the serious nature of his wounds. Bushe, while lying on the field, after recovery from fainting, was told by the Colonel of the French regiment opposed to the Portuguese, to consider himself his prisoner; but the 87th regiment being close at hand, our Lieut.-Colonel playfully replied,

"No! we will reverse it, if you please, you are my prisoner; but I shall be happy to receive you at my quarters."

He was conducted there accordingly, and

entertained until Bushe's death. I afterwards learned that my deceased commanding officer had made earnest request that I should be recommended for promotion in the British army. It was with me a frequent matter of subsequent regret, that I had not endeavoured to obtain his friendship and confidence. He was so chivalrous, and so much liked by everyone, that his death was deeply lamented, and particularly by the ladies of Cadiz.

Prior was recommended to succeed to the British majority, and I to Prior's company. He obtained his promotion in both services, and was advanced to the command of the regiment. I was considered too young an officer for promotion in either service, although it was promised in a general order of the Portuguese army by Marshal Beresford. Sir Thomas Graham must have felt disappointed, for he desired Prior to let him know whenever an opportunity of being serviceable to me occurred. It will be seen in the sequel that before long an occasion offered, and the General was not unmindful of his promise.

I have seen it somewhere recorded that the English army was defeated at Barrossa. Now, it so happened, that on the day after the return of our troops to their quarters at La Ysla, I was

sent with three companies of Portuguese to the field of battle, to collect and bring away any of the wounded that might be left on the field. I saw no troops there but a small picquet of our hussars, and it was so far fortunate, for, although I gave strict orders for my men to keep together, in order that we might effect a retreat, if attacked, yet they dispersed in every direction, in quest of plunder, and, I understand made a good harvest of it. The French had not removed their wounded from the field, nor had any of their people been sent to them, and the sight was both sickening and appalling.

Some time after the battle of Barrossa, the Major of Brigade at La Ysla (composed of the 95th (Rifles), 47th, 87th, and 20th Portuguese), obtained leave of absence to proceed to Portugal, and he asked me to do duty for him until his return. I acceded, but was informed by the Adjutant of the Rifles that a similar request had subsequently been made to him, and that he was to be put in orders the following day by the Adjutant-General. I thought this duplicate arrangement very extraordinary, but said nothing at the time. On taking the orders to Lieut.-Colonel Prior, I casually mentioned the circumstances, when he said,

"You shall neither of you do duty for him. I will get you the appointment, but you must continue to superintend the office work of the regiment," and, without waiting for a reply, off he went to Sir T. Graham, and my name appeared in orders, on the following morning, as Major of Brigade.

On calling for orders next day at the office, the late Major of Brigade told me that there must be some mistake, as he only intended me to be appointed to do duty for him, as he should in all probability return. I replied that as he had thought proper to waive my having assented to do it, it seemed that the authorities had similarly waived his assent to my appointment.

The usual allowance would have proved a nice addition to my British pay of Lieutenant, with fifty dollars a month for my Portuguese Company, but the Duke of York would not confirm me in my position as a British appointment, for I was not eligible from my rank, and in one instance only had the regulation been dispensed with. Lord Wellington also decided against me; but Sir Thomas Graham, and at a later period, Major-General Cook, or Colonel Wheatley (I cannot remember which) pointed out the necessity for the appointment, as the brigade was composed of

troops of English and Portuguese, and I held rank in both services, and possessed a knowledge of their languages. My appointment was confirmed after a lapse of two years and a very lengthy correspondence.

I suppose this proceeding must have attracted the attention of Marshal Beresford, since he desired Prior to inquire how I got back to the British service, being still in the Portuguese, at the same time ordering me to rejoin the 20th immediately.

On assuming the duties of my new appointment, I moved my quarters to the Calle Reale, for the purpose of being near to Prior. I was well mounted and equipped, and the allowance of forage was such that the keep of my horse cost me nothing, but my other expenses were so great that I could not afford to pay an English clerk. The consequence was, I found it difficult to get through my office work. The returns required from the regiment in English were numerous and complicated, as I had to account for all artificers. And if ever, in a fit of idleness or dissipation, I allowed the work to fall in arrear or committed an error, it would afterwards cost me a world of trouble, and my poor brain became frequently

obfuscated in the endeavour to discover and correct the mistake.

I was accustomed to rise early in order that I might rule and *head* a number of spare forms, in anticipation of the day when they would be wanted, and fill them up from the regimental returns. This was a good plan, but I shortly hit upon an expedient which answered to perfection. I discovered a sergeant in the Portuguese regiment, who wrote an excellent hand and was quick. He had been for some years in France, and was a very intelligent fellow. By shewing him my English returns, for the purpose of comparison with the Portuguese, he soon learned to rule and write them better than myself, and to fill in the figures was equally easy.

I had, therefore, nothing to do but examine them and write any necessary explanation in English. In this way I was rendered independent, and had time for amusements. The regiment established a mess for the officers, and Prior was anxious that I should join them for the purpose of preserving decorum and preventing disputes, as the senior officers could by no means understand the chair being filled by young Ensigns, who for the time being, were to direct their proceedings. Lord Saltoun, of the Guards, a great friend of

Prior's, also became an honorary member, and whenever he came with our Lieutenant-Colonel to the mess, they would insist upon his lordship taking the chair.

The senior Major was married, and his wife and four grown-up daughters, who were rather fine-looking girls, resided with him. I was a great favourite with the old couple, who used to regard me in the light of a son, while the girls esteemed me as a brother. They were sad romps, and being four to one, I generally came off second best with my clothes nearly torn from my back. To the neighbours it must have appeared sometimes that we were going to turn the house out of window, but I seldom ventured among them without first ascertaining that either papa or mamma, or some person of whom they stood in awe, was there as some restraint upon them.

Many of the officers of the regiment used to visit the house, and it was absolutely ludicrous to see the distance at which these girls would keep them, and the attentions they would exact. I would sometimes get behind the chairs of these visitors, and mimic the grave deportment of the young ladies; but as soon as they were gone, it was sure to bring punishment upon me. On these occasions they did not appear to heed either papa

or mamma, only complaining that the officers must have noticed me treating them with so much contumely. Such would appear to have been the case, for one of them reported to the Major the improper conduct of the English officer, to which he replied—"I suppose you think he is like yourself, but I must tell you that he has more honour in his little finger than you have in your whole body. Get you gone, Sir, and leave me to manage my own affairs." Where so much confidence was placed it could not be abused. The girls were, I think, of the same opinion, but their riotous proceedings, were confined to Prior and myself. In my rides to the barracks, I generally called to have a chat with them at the street window without quitting my horse. On one of these occasions an accident occurred, which, as it shews the fanatical zeal of the Spanish character, and their perversion of religion to the worst of purposes, I cannot refrain from narrating it. We observed two men come out of a tavern, armed with a knife or species of dagger. They were in great anger, and appeared very desirous of stabbing each other.

The ladies were alarmed. I, however, bade them remain quiet as the men were not likely to do each other any injury, because they were both equally well-armed. They were also well-matched,

and seemed to hold each other in special dread. They had capered and flourished about for some time, when a poor old man, a carpenter, in returning from work passed the head of the lane with a loaf of bread in his basket. Unfortunately for himself, he appeared to view the matter in a very different light to what I did, for he placed himself between these two worthless fellows in order to separate them. One of them took that opportunity to make his escape, while the other seeing his opponent had fled, walked deliberately up to the old man and stabbed him to the heart. The poor creature, in the agonies of death, clung to his murderer, who was for some time unable to extricate himself from his grasp. The main guard of the Spaniards was close to the tavern, and I shouted lustily for assistance. Very fortunately the regiment of Walloon Guards gave the duties that day, and they responded quickly to my call. In the meantime, I drew my sword and placed my horse across the narrow lane which the murderer must pass, hoping thereby to cut off his retreat on my side, but owing to the noise, my charger became restive and the man got past me. I managed, however, to stick so close to him that the fellow ran for sanctuary into a small chapel, at a short distance from the scene of the murder. To

the great horror of the mob which had collected, the Walloons, on their arrival, did not hesitate to follow the man inside. He then threw himself on their bayonets and received some slight injury, but was quickly taken and conducted, amid the execrations of the rabble of the guard and myself, to a place of safe custody.

I was obliged to place myself under the protection of the Walloons, and on passing the body of the murdered man, we found his daughter by the side of the corpse wringing her hands and crying bitterly. No one appeared to heed her sufferings, for the mob were too much engrossed by the sacrilegious conduct of the Walloons and myself to pay any regard to her misery.

On regaining my quarters, I sent my card and address to the Captain of the Guard, desiring that he might be informed of my readiness to attend to give evidence whenever I might be called upon: but I heard no more of the matter and suppose that the *Courts of Justice* allowed the murderer to escape!

Charlotte, the consort of George the Third, hearing that a bad fever was raging in Cadiz, and that the troops were suffering greatly, sent a present of flannel, porter and wine to the Anglo-Portuguese army. As the Portuguese would not

taste the porter issued to them, the greater portion of it came to the share of Prior and myself, and by way of return, we threw into the general stock our flannel and port wine. Although I knew nothing of the epidemic until I saw it mentioned in the newspapers from England, yet I have thought this circumstance worthy of record, as shewing the kindly nature of this illustrious princess. Her character has been much maligned, and I believe that thrifty and parsimonious habits have been proportionally misrepresented.

The Spanish ladies are celebrated for their beauty and "salero.". I can only translate this term by our word piquancy; for, were they not so graceful, it might degenerate into boldness. I was one day at the Adjutant-General's office, receiving orders, when I heard a great noise outside. On going to see what was the matter, I found a beautiful creature, the niece of the Marchioness of Astorza, endeavouring to mount my charger. She was assisted by two English orderlies, one holding the horse, while the other was trying to lift her into the saddle. In those days, side-saddles were unknown in Spain, and the short, black silk dress then universally worn fitted close to the person. Although weighted at the bottom with spangles and shot, it was not

meant to hide the ankle or foot, of which the *gaditanas* (ladies of Cadiz) are so proud; and on this score, the young lady in question might with justice claim special admiration. This lower attire was not suited to equestrian efforts, and proved very insufficient to conceal the effects of her exertion. A well-turned leg, which would have rivalled in beauty that of Madame Vestris, was consequently displayed, and the upper part of her dress was much disordered. There she sat, a perfect model for the sculptor of an Amazon on horseback. After adjusting her dress, she was preparing to make the horse move forward, when I ventured to approach, and told her that the horse, though noble-looking, was a very vicious steed. I advised caution, and she promised to exercise it. She did not, however, feel quite at ease in the English saddle, and asked if I had a pen-knife about me. I returned to the office and brought her one, accompanied by Captain Wynyard, of the Adjutant-General's Department, when she very coolly cut her dress in front, so as to separate it, and allow of her sitting down more comfortably in the saddle. Still she did not find her seat sufficiently easy, and after taking two or three turns, she dismounted, desiring me to hold the horse till her return. The marchioness was

sitting on a stone bench, waiting for the carriage, which was to convey herself and niece to Cadiz. On the young lady returning from the adjoining house, where the Marchioness resided, her aunt seeing that she was again preparing to mount, said to her,

"Dearest Pepita, you are such a mad girl, what will these Englishmen think of you?"

By this time, however, the young lady was in her saddle, and giving the horse a slight tap with the whip, coolly remarked, "As I do not intend to marry either of them it is of very little consequence."

The Marquis of Astorza was short and stout, and this wild creature had appropriated a part of his attire of grey web, which, as seen from under her own dress, seemed to fit her remarkably well. This young lady was unquestionably the belle of Cadiz and La Ysla. I have heard that she had subsequently many excellent offers of marriage, and among the rest one from an Englishman of high rank in the Spanish service, but she refused him.

An expedition was now ordered to assemble under the command of Colonel Skerrett, of the 47th Regiment, with Colonel Lord Proby of the Guards second in command, and Captain Charles

Felix Smith as commanding engineer: Lieutenant Gaunter of the Chasseurs Britanniques had charge of the Quarter-Master General's Department, and I was ordered to accompany them as Brigade-Major. The 20th Portuguese did not furnish any men. The force which sailed from Cadiz consisted of a troop of the 2nd Hussars (King's German Legion), a battery of field artillery, the 47th, 87th, and part of the 95th Regiment (Rifles.)

We disembarked at Tarifa, but the transport in which I sailed being rather faster than the others, I had an opportunity of visiting Tangiers. The commander of the vessel having been formerly engaged in conveying cattle from that port to the army in Portugal seemed to be well known amongst the Moors, as most of them saluted him by name. From the anchorage, the town presents rather an imposing appearance, and on disembarking we visited the English and Portuguese consuls. The latter, who was a Jew, did not give me a very favourable opinion of the cleanliness of his race. The terraced garden of the consul for Sweden, who had died, much regretted, shortly before our arrival, was pretty, and he lies buried there.

The bare-faced thievery and knavishness of

the Moors surprised me more than anything else, and was rendered the more remarkable from the fact that had the complaint been preferred before the authorities, they would, I was told, have been signally punished. I took a fancy to a particularly fine melon which was offered for sale. Its ordinary value at Tangiers might have been a halfpenny. The man demanded a shilling for it declaring he would not take less. As he had sent it away with some things purchased by the Captain, I had no alternative but to pay his demand, or be mobbed. On tendering him a dollar, equal in value to about five shillings, the fellow returned me two pieces of tin and one shilling, saying he had no more change.

We hurried on fearing that we might be beset by the crowd. We were not suffered to look into the door of a mosque, lest it should be defiled, and their dwellings were equally well guarded. They were fashioned like pig-sties, being about the same height, with very low doors.

When returning to the ship, we stopped for a few minutes to observe a dancing dervish, who had the appearance of a maniac. He was beating a drum, or "tom-tom," and chanting a kind of recitation, accompanied by the most extravagant gestures. As we did not understand the language,

we could not, of course, appreciate the performance, which only appeared to us very ludicrous. A number of Moors, who squatted around him, were venerable greybeards of grave and sedate appearance, and seemingly listened with the most profound and repectful attention.

Having been detained here only a few days, we set sail again for Tarifa, and the expedition landed. Tarifa was at this time garrisoned from Gibraltar, and Major King, of the 82nd Regiment, was the commandant. He was better known to the Spaniards as the *Commandante Cojo*, from having lost a leg, in contradistinction to his predecessor, Lieut.-Colonel Brown, of the 28th Regiment who was styled *Il Commandante Loco* (mad), from his pranks with the Tarifaneans. The women here dressed in the Moorish costume, and when in the streets cover their heads and faces with the mantilla, so that nothing can be seen but one eye peeping through it. Brown always rode with a crook at the end of his stick, and on his approach, the ladies always uncovered, throwing back the mantilla which had concealed their faces. This mark of exclusive favour he had acquired from having always drawn back the veil himself, and the ladies to prevent their mantillas being damaged by the Colonel's crook, ceded the point, instead of longer

refusing to raise the veil. The principal object of our expedition seems to have been to prevent the French from detaching troops from before Cadiz to other points, by keeping them constantly on the "qui vive." Thus, by demonstrations and feigned attacks, their attention was called off from the Spanish force, under General Ballasteros, who had taken refuge under the guns of Gibraltar. We had also a Spanish force of cavalry and infantry with us, under the command of General Copons.

CHAPTER IV.

Guerillas—Reconnoitring Parties—Ballasteros—Investment and Siege of Tarifa—Description of the Place—Heavy and continued Rains.

TOGETHER with Lieutenant Reed, of the 82nd, and for a short time with Captain Wren, of the 10th regiment, I was a good deal occupied in reconnoitring, and always on my return to Tarifa, I was obliged to give in my report in writing. This occupation led me into a number of adventures which will be described hereafter. When employed on observation, collecting intelligence of the enemy, I always had with me a party of mounted Spanish guerillas, as guides; these fellows, in truth, were little else than bandits; they received provisions occasionally, but no pay. I was obliged, in consequence, to connive frequently at their misdeeds with the peasantry. I always, however, was enabled to restrain them from committing acts of violence, and from extorting

money. These fellows were very amusing, and used to tell me stories of villanous occurrences between them and the French, but of the truth of which I could not doubt, when I noticed the motley appearance of my troop, who were all clothed with the spoils of French officers. It must, in the vicinity of Cadiz, have been dangerous for the enemy to leave their lines singly or in small parties without an escort.

One young fellow of the party, from his good address particularly attracted my attention; he had, moreover, a splendid grey mare, which I was anxious to purchase from him, but nothing could induce him to sell her; his own history and the life he was then leading, he told me, were so interwoven with the animal, that no money should purchase her, and in one of our excursions, I got him to tell me this part of his history. His father had been an opulent landed proprietor at Chiclana, near Cadiz, and on one occasion, had a captain and a party of French Hussars quartered on him; they took a fancy to his mare, and she was forcibly taken from him in spite of his remonstrance. The Andalusians are like the Arabs in their attachment to their horses, and the old Spaniard could not brook being deprived of his mare without his consent, and a scuffle ensued in which he was

killed, perhaps accidentally. The son fled and joined a party of guerillas, and after staying with them some time he returned in the dead of the night with a few chosen companions to seek revenge.

They found six of the Hussars asleep in the stable, and in that state they were stabbed to the heart, a sacrifice to the manes of his parent. The Spaniards removed nothing from the stable but the mare, nor did they enter the dwelling house; and these horrible murders were not discovered by the French until the following morning. I shall have to speak of this young man's fate and that of his mare hereafter.

I witnessed the taking of Algesiras by the French, from the heights above that town. They entered it with little or no resistance, and they had a very insignificant force engaged in the enterprise. Balasteros, with his army under the walls of Gibraltar, the opposite side of the bay, must have witnessed it as well as myself, but he seems to have made no provision for its defence, and to have been perfectly indifferent to its fate.

The road which ran along the coast from Tarifa, by the pass of La Pena, the plain of Fascenas, to Bejer and Cadiz, was good. On crossing the plain of Fascenas we sustained, during a night

march, a considerable fright from two very trivial circumstances. The night was dark, and in passing a farm-house a bullock broke loose and charged the centre of the column; this, added to the noise of the wooden canteens of the men trying to get out of the way of the enraged animal, created great confusion, particularly amongst those who were not aware of the true cause of the alarm, and who supposed we had fallen into an ambuscade, and that the enemy's cavalry was amongst us; the column broke, and it was some time before order could be restored.

The other was likely to have proved more serious. The Hussars of the German Legion formed the advance, and they had with them the guide who missed his way, but being too much afraid to confess it to the man who had charge of him, he made a detour, and doubled back to try and find it. The Hussars perceiving a body of men moving on their flank in a contrary direction, and not knowing that it was the column, challenged "*Who comes there.*" Our people conceiving it to be some of their own men joking with each other, did not answer the challenge, when the advanced guard (the Hussars) fired right into them; fortunately no one was hurt; it was then ascertained to be the head of our own column

which had doubled back on its rear in order to regain the lost road. Night marches in the vicinity of an enemy, unless conducted with great order and circumspection, are apt to cause these mistakes and create a panic.

We sometimes beat up the quarters of the enemy with our force, leaving only the Gibraltar detachment to garrison Tarifa. The most remarkable of these excursions occurred, when we drove the French garrison from Bejer and took the place, which was more than we wanted or looked for. The town is situated on a conical hill; the high road to Cadiz passes at its base, divided from a range of hills by a deep stream. On this eminence early in the morning we got up a gun, and after one or two shots across the ravine, the enemy abandoned their strong position and retired towards Chiclana. Colonel Skerrett with his officers in command of corps pushed on by the high road after them for the purpose of making a reconnaissance, and some of our Hussars were thrown out as scouts. The stream ran parallel to the high road for a considerable distance; but on debouching from the ravine by a small bridge, the stream might be again crossed into the champaign country. Lieutenant Guanter and myself crossed the bridge to see what was going

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on, when we discovered two of our Hussras making towards us at full speed. Guanter immediately said, "I am sure there is something wrong: but let us recross the bridge." While doing so, we saw our reconnoitring party, pursued by a body of French cavalry. Fortunately for them they were hotly pressed, for had they waited a few seconds longer, the other party in pursuit of the two Hussars would have crossed the bridge and cut off their retreat. Not one of our party had so much as a pistol with him. I could never discover for what purpose Colonel Skerrett took all the senior officers with him on this occasion, nor do I believe that he could have assigned any reason for it himself.

The enemy now made dispositions to retake their lost position. It would seem that the French General in command of the troops investing Cadiz, was very angry that this strong outpost should have been so hastily abandoned, and he ordered its garrison with fresh troops to return immediately and regain it. We of course could have no object in retaining so isolated a post, and accordingly commenced drawing off our men. Two men left dead drunk in the town of Bejer were taken prisoners.

There were two roads to the Pass of La Pena and Tarifa, and we were apprehensive, by push-

ing on the cavalry, the enemy might reach the junction of the roads before us, and cut off the retreat upon Tarifa. Our Hussars did not number more than twenty-five, and these were commanded by a young lad who had just joined the service. I was therefore ordered to take charge of the rear guard, and cover the retreat. My old friends, the Guerillas, were anxious that I should engage the enemy's skirmishers; I declined, my object being to get away quietly without attracting much notice. They, however, were not to be deterred, and a few of them charged down upon two Tirailleurs, who were more advanced than the rest. These seemed paralyzed, and would unquestionably have been sabred had not a number of French infantry ran down to their assistance, and opened a running fire on the Guerillas, and I was surprised on their return to find that none of them had been hurt. I have always found the Spaniards without officers and without organization, brave to rashness. But, strange as it may appear, I have never witnessed their regular troops behave with common decency, and yet they are made of the same material as the Spanish infantry, which, in olden times, was considered the best in Europe. At night-fall we

followed our retiring column without being further molested during the retreat.

On another occasion, in order to obtain information respecting the movements of the French force, after it was known they were determined on driving us from Tarifa, and were preparing a force to lay siege to the town, I had slept in a small chapel situated on a cliff over-looking the plain of Fascenas, and the party consisted of about eight Guerillas and myself. I was awoke early in the morning by one of them coming to tell me that our fortune was made. I was not long in obeying the call, for on these occasions I always slept in my clothes on some straw, fern, or whatever we could collect. Our horses also remained saddled, which in Spain is no inconvenience to the animals, as they are not permitted to lie down, but are trained to sleep standing, the bridles alone being removed, in order to allow of their feeding.

On leaving the chapel I saw in the plain below a fine herd of goats, sheep, and horned cattle, driven by some French soldiers, if we may call them so, for their muskets, as well as their knapsacks, were made fast to the horns of the oxen. I begged my friends to wait a little until they got further into the plain, as we had not yet been

perceived; but they, all impatient, were preparing to descend, when we observed a regiment of cavalry following, with two or three thousand infantry, which formed the escort of a large convoy of stores and cattle. I now turned the tables on my friends, crying out as they had done, "Vamos a ellos," "Let us at them." But they were no more anxious to engage in the enterprise, and commenced shouting at the French, using those abusive epithets and opprobrious terms in which the Spanish language is so copious. What appeared to be the Staff dismounted, and with telescope in hand began to examine us, whilst we could distinctly hear a murmuring noise run down the ranks of the corps as they in succession debouched from the pass of Los Barrios, from Ronda, the men calling out to another "Voilà les Brigands! voilà les Brigands."

The French did not send any party in pursuit of us, and if they had, from the knowledge my Guerillas possessed of the rocky, mountainous track, their pursuers would have been exposed to much fatigue and loss of men, for on our side there were some excellent shots. We returned to Tarifa without the booty, and the enemy's escort pursued its way unmolested towards Puerte Sta. Maria, and Chiclana.

Two roads led from the plain of Fascenas to Tarifa; one by the pass of Pedrassos (where we had seen the enemy debouch with the cattle), and the Convent of Neustra Senora de la Luz, and the other by the pass of La Pena and the coast. The former was impracticable for artillery, and the latter equally impassable whilst we had a line-of-battle ship ("The Standard") and gun boats at anchor. But it was an open roadstead, and the first westerly wind obliged the fleet to weigh anchor and stand off the coast.

The theatre for my "Observation Parties" soon became more circumscribed as the enemy's preparations for the siege were advancing. The French now occasionally pushed forward reconnoitring parties to examine the state of the roads. Our advanced picquet was a small party of German Hussars, but the videttes had orders not to compromise themselves with the enemy, but to fall back on the picquet when attacked. The outpost duty was taken by the Spanish cavalry, who were very badly commanded, and on one occasion when the enemy were not half so numerous as the Spaniards, the Lieut.-Colonel commanding the latter on seeing the French advance, took such an overdose of brandy to fortify his courage that he could not keep his perch, and his men were obliged to

lead him off the field. The German vidette seeing this put himself at the head of the Spaniards, but he was soon so badly wounded in the groin, that he fell, mid-way between the two parties from his horse, but continued to hold his steed by the bridle.

The French were anxious to get possession of the horse, and the Spaniards were ashamed to leave the man to his fate. Thus both parties remained some time in suspense. At length the Hussar recovered a little, and was preparing to mount his horse, when two of the enemy's dragoons dashed out to prevent him. The wounded man sprang into his saddle and shot the foremost of them dead, flinging the unloaded pistol at the head of the second, who was preparing to cut him down. His horse carried him among the Spaniards, when he again fell from loss of blood. I arrived about this time, and had him conveyed to the hospital.

I mentioned this man's gallant and energetic conduct to some of my friends, who proposed that we should get up a subscription for him, but he was very angry that money should be tendered to him, saying that although a private soldier he was a gentleman and above such sordid considerations.

In the 2nd Hussars of the King's German Legion, I believe it would have been very easy to find many troopers of this stamp, but when the casualties were filled up by deserters from the French army, I am told that the same "*esprit de corps*" ceased to exist.

I had for some time missed an old Guerilla sergeant, and my Chiclana friend, the owner of the mare. It seems they had both been sent as orderlies with letters for Ballasteros's army, and I was glad to see the young Guerilla rejoin my party. He inquired if I was as anxious as ever to have his mare, for he had now brought her to me if I would accept her as a present. I told him that I should be still happy to purchase her if he would name a price; this he would not do, telling me he would sell her to no one, not even to me. On inquiring what caused his desire to part with her so suddenly, I found that the intendant of Ballasteros's army had required her to be delivered up, on the plea of horses being required for the public service. Although it had been explained that the animal was private property, yet it was his opinion, and also that of the sergeant, that she would be taken from him eventually (so unscrupulous and unprincipled were the officers of the general staff of this army). To avoid this seizure, he preferred

making me a present of her. As he would require another horse, I offered him mine in exchange, with any sum he might think equivalent to the difference of their value. He took my horse, and desired me to distribute a few dollars amongst his comrades. The poor fellow was killed a few days after, and his mare met with the same fate; she was shot under me on the day that the enemy invested the town of Tarifa.

The army of Ballasteros still continued encamped under the guns of Gibraltar, and consequently the main object of the expedition was not attained. On one excuse or another, the Spaniards would not move, although we had embarked on one occasion in order to co-operate in freeing them from the place where they were pent up. Ballasteros would insist upon having the whole arrangement and command of the allied force. To this Skerrett, from previous instructions, would not accede. The Spaniard then proposed that a reconnaissance through a particular pass should be made with the allied cavalry. This step would again have given the command to a Spaniard (which dearly bought experience taught us to avoid). Ballasteros now represented that the English were always ready to create obstacles, and yet were the first to complain. I don't know whether the

governor of Gibraltar interfered or not, but I think it very probable that he did, for Skerrett at length acceded, with a proviso that he should nominate the Spanish officer who was to command. This was agreed to, and Skerrett named a Colonel of engineers, chief of the staff of General Copens' force, which had been acting with us. The colonel waited on Skerrett, and told him the reconnaisance had no object in view, that Ballasteros represented the pass was not in the occupation of the enemy, whilst his own information was quite the contrary. Skerrett was fortunate in having selected an intelligent officer, and a man of honour; for it afterwards occurred, on nearing the pass, that his advanced guard was driven rapidly back upon the head of his column, when the colonel dashed forward, and putting himself at the head of our Hussars, he called to them to follow, and got them safely over a mountainous track by paths which were unknown to any of the party but himself.

Ballasteros never could forgive the preference shewn by an Englishman for this officer. The Spanish Colonel was afterwards killed in one of the actions, which the enemy had forced upon that General, and not without suspicion that the plan had been laid before hand, as he was placed

at Banos in a position where escape was impossible.

By the Spanish nation, Ballasteros was considered a perfect hero, and one of the most eminent and patriotic generals of the day. The brave Ballasteros, was the theme of every song. Yet of all the unworthies produced by Spain during this war, (and God knows there were plenty of them) this man was the greatest impostor and charlatan, not even excepting Cuesta or La Pena. He certainly kept a body of men together, but they proved only a curse to the inhabitants, upon whom these half-starved wretches were quartered. His force appeared to be composed of the *débris* of defeated and dispersed armies. Men who would not fight, yet re-assembled to obtain food because they were too idle or too dissipated to work. Whenever a corps of French troops retired, the Spaniards followed, composing and reciting songs of victory; but at too respectable a distance to disquiet the enemy. If the French halted or attempted to pursue them, they soon found how vain was the undertaking. Nevertheless, Ballasteros fought some actions; but they were all forced upon him by some strategical combinations of his pursuers, and he was invariably beaten. His army never undertook the initiative in any operation that might

entail contact with his adversaries. He was subsequently Minister of War; but whether his exploits in the cabinet outshone in song those of the field I know not. Spanish politics subsequent to the war have seemed to me something like their military operations, desultory, and without any leading object beyond individual aggrandizement. Base and unprincipled men like scum in a boiling pot alone rising to the surface; but their women, ah! their women, dear creatures, were always patriotic. With what contempt have I often heard them speak of their warriors and statesmen!

I have before mentioned that the only road by which the French could bring up their battering train to Tarifa was that which ran along the coast for some distance exposed to the fire of a ship of war and several gun boats. The enemy commenced assembling their force at the foot of the range where the defile commenced. The reports brought to us of their strength and matériel were very contradictory and unsatisfactory. I was, therefore, ordered to make them parade before me. Our cavalry had been sent back to Cadiz, and I pointed out that with infantry alone it could not be done. However we mounted some of our riflemen on a few artillery horses that still remain-

ed, and with the Guerillas, away we went, a party following to cover my retreat.

It was about noon, and the enemy were cooking (the French are always cooking,) and so engaged that they did not notice us until we were amongst them. Trumpets sounded and drums beat "to arms" in all directions; they must have imagined that a British army was at our heels. In the meantime we placed our men in a single rank of skirmishers to make as great a display as possible, and an officer of the name of Reed, who had accompanied me, rode back to look out, as if impatient for the arrival of reinforcements. Having satisfied our curiosity we put about and retraced our steps, but a little faster than we came, for the French, perceiving they had been hoaxed, sent a party of dragoons in pursuit, and every moment, I expected we should be overtaken. Our artillery horses were clumsy and could not go the pace, and the riflemen could not ride; perhaps their short swords tickled the backs of their steeds, some of them became very violent, and their riders were nearly thrown. Altogether it would have been a most ludicrous scene if we had not been at the same time in imminent danger, for the enemy were gaining upon us very fast. I kept with my friend Reed in the rear,

calling out to the men to hold on like grim death, as we had not much further to go before we should meet with our own troops prepared to protect us. In the midst of this confusion, Reed called out to me that one of our Guerillas, in whom I had hitherto placed great confidence, had gone over to the enemy. He had in fact joined them, and was in close communication with the officer leading the party. Suddenly the Spaniard drew his pistol and shot the officer dead, then, putting spurs to his horse at the same instant, he was again at our side. There was evidently a great commotion in the ranks of the enemy's cavalry, and they ceased to pursue us. We afterwards learned that the officer shot by the Guerilla was a young man of rank and great promise, and that his fate was much deplored by the whole of their army. On our side it was equally unfortunate, for a few paces further on we found our infantry well posted in ambuscade, and the enemy in the ardour of pursuit would, I have no doubt, have sustained still greater loss by continuing to follow us.

Unfortunately, I did not get on well with my chief Colonel Skerrett, of the 47th Regiment. I found him fidgetty, nervous, and vacillating, and in consequence, I always endeavoured to keep

out of his way as much as possible. This made matters worse: I frequently rode out to our advanced posts, knowing that I should not be wanted for an hour or two, particularly as I was going in the direction by which the enemy must advance. I could, therefore, be the bearer of the first intelligence myself, should it be necessary to get the garrison under arms, which on light grounds it was desirable should not be done, as the men required to throw up the works for the defence of the place. During one of my rides, when I was amusing myself by witnessing the cowardice of some Spanish cavalry, opposed to a very small reconnoitring party of French, an Orderly Dragoon came galloping up to me with a slip of paper from Colonel Skerrett, on which was written—"Beat to arms!" I was then at least a mile from the town, but the only enemy to be seen was in front of me. When I got back, a general order was given to me for circulation, requiring the Brigade-Major not to leave the garrison, unless by express permission, or on duty. On another occasion, hearing a fire of musketry in the direction of our advanced posts, and knowing that Skerrett was there himself, I went to the gate to be in readiness to receive any orders he might send, when an orderly rode up

and asked if I was Lieut.-Colonel Gough. I told the man that I was the Brigade Major, and would take any orders to Lieut.-Colonel Gough he might have to give. He then told me that Col. Skerrett requested that the men might be immediately got under arms, and marched to the piquet ground. Of course the working parties joined their regiments; the French, however, took it into their heads to retire, and Skerrett, on his return, finding the working parties had already been withdrawn, declared that he had never given the order, or sent the orderly!

I now found that I was not likely to reap much honour or credit in the appointment I had been so proud to obtain; neither had I received any pay, for the reasons I before stated. Altogether I was so much disgusted as to request to be allowed to return to Cadiz, should an opportunity offer. Subsequently, from the excitement occasioned by the siege, this desire passed away, and I became more reconciled.

Skerrett, as an individual, was brave to rashness; but I should have doubted it had I not so frequently witnessed proofs of his cool intrepidity and contempt of danger. At the head of troops he was the most undecided, timid, and vacillating creature I ever met with. In proof that this

quality continued with him we have only to see the manner in which he commanded his brigade afterwards, in the Light Division, when he allowed a French force to escape and pass the bridge of Vera. On this occasion the river was so swollen that they could not have escaped if he had acted with decision, and brought up more troops. The second in command, Lord Proby of the Grenadier Guards, was of a totally different character, but of singular habits; quite the reverse of a worry, he was never seen excepting on any emergencywhen his services were really required. He would then give his orders in a clear, succinct, and decided manner; and where he was present there was always that confidence which a person of superior military talent is sure to inspire. The occasions when he honoured us with his presence were extremely rare, and during the siege, although I attended daily at his quarters to take his orders and show those I had received, I could very seldom see him, his room was so darkened. I believe he fancied he was going blind; at any rate, he was decidedly hypochondriacal.

The gale from the westward, which the French had so long expected, came at length, and our fleet was driven off the coast. They were thus enabled to bring up their battering train by the

road, now no longer defended through the pass of La Pena, and the town was invested The Spaniards under General Copons, and the British withdrew their advanced posts gradually. The situation of Tarifa at the entrance of the straits of Gibraltar, and its position may be compared to a broken punch-bowl sunk in the earth, the fractured part opening upon the beach, where a tongue of land ruus out to a small island, called Green Island, precipitous and inaccessible. Excepting by the path leading from the town, this island was fortified. A Moorish wall ran round the town of a construction similar to that at Chester, and some of the old towns in England, with a parapet breast-work of about one foot in thickness and flanking towers at intervals. On one of these towers we raised a cohorn mortar which did some service, but guns of any weight could not be mounted on them, lest the towers should split and crumble to pieces.

As a defence against an escalade the wall was admirable, but this the enemy never attempted. Near the north-eastern tower was a convent, which had been carefully loop-holed and fortified, while a parapet and covered-way connected it with the gateway. A stream ran through the centre of the town, under one of the towers which had

an iron grating, and on the outside the stream was steep-banked and tortuous, so that an enemy might approach under cover almost to the portcullis and not be perceived. The range of hills from this point to the southward in the direction of the straits completely commanded and over-looked, at musket range, some parts of the town, and at the same time shut out the theatre of the enemy's operations from our fleet, which could not afford us protection by enfilading their works, or taking them in reverse.

I have been thus particular in endeavouring to describe the place, because the authorities at Gibraltar and others have considered it a town of some strength, and easily defended; whilst I have ever thought that our being able to hold it against such an overwhelming force was exceedingly fortunate. Results always weigh with John Bull in preference to probabilities, and the notabilities alluded to no doubt imagined they were right, and have persuaded others to the same conclusion. The troops detached from Gibraltar were entrusted with the defence of the island, and had the town been taken, although the garrison might have defended themselves from an assault, the enemy would have converted this small island into a butt for target-practice for their howitzers and mortars.

The pent-up garrison could nót have been withdrawn, as no vessel, not even boats, could approach it excepting from the side next the town.

It was, however, considered a point of so much importance by the authorities at that time governing Gibraltar, that it was strengthened and rendered almost bomb-proof by our engineers. The works were continued even after the French had raised the siege of Cadiz, but for what purpose I could never comprehend, unless it were to afford shelter for privateers in the event of war with Spain, as Tarifa did formerly, enabling them to seize and plunder our traders with impunity, when becalmed at the entrance of the gut.

To return to the investment. The enemy had with them a few mountain guns, the first of the kind I had ever seen. The gun carriage was carried on one mule, the gun on another, and the ammunition on a third. One of these guns, a sort of howitzer, did great execution amongst some Spaniards, a shell thrown from it having killed or wounded seven or eight of them. A company of the 95th (Rifles) on our extreme right was in danger of being cut off in consequence of a body of Spaniards near them returning too rapidly. Skerrett ordered me to gallop up and try to make them hold their ground a little longer, in order to

give time to the Rifles to get away. I found the men willing enough. They rallied and stood their ground well; but their officers, with one exception, (a child about twelve years of age, who held, I was told, the rank of captain) abandoned their position. This little fellow behaved very well, and his men appeared delighted with him. While I was thus engaged, my pet mare was shot under me, and I had only just sufficient time to secure the saddle and bring it away before we were all driven within the town. On getting over the parapet, which connected the convent with the gate-way, a grape-shot struck a rifleman on the head. He was so close to me that I was covered with his blood. The next day when I received the returns of killed and wounded from the different corps, I observed that the 95th had several men returned as wounded, but none killed. I therefore sent back the return for correction, as I had seen this man's head almost converted into a jelly. It afterwards appeared that in this case life was not extinct. The man continued to move, opening and shutting one of his hands in an unconscious and mechanical manner, and survived two days in this state.

A great deal of divided authority existed in the garrison, occasioning no little confusion and some

mischief. Sorties were made by the troops doing duty with us from the garrison of Gibraltar, without the knowledge of the staff or the authority of the officer holding the supreme command. Lieutenant Guanter of the quarter-master general's department, hearing at day-break a heavy firing of musketry, went to ascertain the cause, and to get the men, if possible, to their quarters. He received a dreadful wound, which deprived us of his services for the remainder of the siege. The ball entered the upper part of his nose, and was cut out at the temple; the brain might be seen, and a part of it was removed: he was trepanned, but lost one eye. He recovered, and was living in 1848. I never met with a better officer than Guanter. He was a Catalan by birth, and was then in the Chasseurs Britanniques, having previously served in the quarter-master general department in Sicily. From my extreme youth and giddiness, I should have got into many scrapes but for his counsels. Some of the adjutants of the corps having considered me very partial in keeping the roster for the duties, I foolishly entered into explanations, and gave myself a great deal of trouble without success. Afterwards, following Guanter's advice, I never condescended to show my roster, or give them the slightest expla-

nation. My only answer was an expression of surprise that they should expect it. The consequence was, I found by treating them in this way that I managed much better afterwards. I have since met with many persons who should never be treated in any other style.

My quarters, it may be supposed, were not very near Skerrett's. They were close to the portcullis, and opposite to where the French afterwards breached the wall. The first shot from their battery went through the Moorish wall, and through the wall of my house on the opposite side of the narrow street into one of the upper apartments used as a kitchen, where it broke an oil bottle. All the houses in the neighbourhood for miles round had been unroofed by the enemy in order to obain timber for the purpose of constructing platforms for their batteries. Their men were consequently without shelter from the heavy rains which set in at the commencement of the siege, and without the means of cooking their meals or lighting their fires. This was in the month of December. Still they persevered, but the number of dead bodies seen every day floating down the stream through the town to the sea shewed the havoc which disease was making amongst them.

Skerrett, fidgetty as usual, now insisted upon

my removing to his quarters, where four straw-bottomed chairs were provided for me to sleep on in an outer room, adjoining his bed-room, and where I might be, at all times, within call. The last fourteen days of the siege it rained without intermissiom. Dry clothes either to sleep in or wear were quite out of the question, for I could not calculate on a moment, night or day, in which Skerrett would not require me for some purpose or other.

CHAPTER V.

The Spanish portion of the Garrison—The Defence of the Breach, and the Blessed Senora de La Luz—Sufferings of the besieging force who raised the siege—Return to Cadiz, and re-appointment to attend the Expedition ordered to the Condada de Niebla—The Guards and their Privileges—Ordered to Avacena to observe and report on the Movements of Drouet's Corps—Severe ride to Seville—Treatment of General Downie, when prisoner, by a French General.

SEVERAL gun boats during the siege were driven on shore and wrecked near the Green Island, and to these I was obliged to attend. A young Spanish girl of good family whom I had been accustomed to meet at some of the Tertulias, (evening parties) was struck by a cannon-shot, and obliged to have her leg amputated. I was told that she bore the operation with exemplary fortitude and courage. She was much commiserated by the garrison.

If, during the night, a discharge from the enemy's batteries should awake my Commander, Colonel Skerrett, he always called, and sent me to the Commanding Engineer, Captain C. Felix Smith, desiring him to go and see the effect it had produced, and if anything particular occurred

to let him know. On these occasions, the Engineer, not liking to be unnecessarily disturbed, did not fail to bestow his blessings both upon me and my commander.

Although nearly ever shot went right through the wall, the *débris* from some cause or other fell outside with little exception, and care was taken immediately to remove the rubbish and clear it away. A short breast-work was also thrown up in the middle of the stream, the water passing on each side of it, and from behind this breast-work the portcullis could be defended.

The breach was soon in a condition apparently wide enough to allow two carriages abreast to enter the town, but in reality it was not practicable; the fall from the crown of the breach into the street being 18 or 20 feet, and the communication from the breach along the wall being cut off. The enemy now summoned the garrison to surrender by stating that we must be aware, as a military post, the town was not capable of defence. We had already done sufficient to save our honour, and by having held so long, we had behaved like brave and gallant soldiers; but further resistance would only entail upon us the fate of towns carried by assault as sanctioned by the customs of war. In other words we were to have our throats

cut. But fortunately our chivalrous enemy was saved the trouble.

Skerrett's answer was in purport, to thank the French General for the handsome manner he had spoken of the troops which he had the honour to command, but having been instructed to defend the town to the last extremity he should do so, as long as there was one stone standing upon another. If driven from it, it was his intention to embark his remaining force, and therefore he must decline in future any further discussions on the subject of a capitulation. The answer of General Copons was truly Spanish: "He would treat with the French General in the breach."

A small mortar called a cohorn, which we received from the arsenal at Gibraltar, did some execution during the siege, as did also a ship carronade; but the latter, when most wanted, had been spiked. I could never learn for what purpose, or by whom, it was ordered. As the duration of the siege became prolonged, some of the inhabitants grew bold, and I have frequently seen shooting parties on the walls trying to get a shot at some one of the enemy moving about, or whose head had been visible behind the parapets.

The day for the assault at length arrived. The 2nd battalion, 47th Regiment, were on the wall

to the right of the breach; the 2nd battalion, 87th Regiment, over the portcullis, and to the left of the breach, and the rifles still further to the left, and the Spaniards were to the right of the 47th, extending along the wall to the sea. Skerrett had posted himself in the tower of a church, and took me with him; but I was soon relieved from this disagreeable situation by being sent to rally the Spaniards, who had abandoned the wall on the first approach of the enemy. The storming party moved out of their lines about 1000 strong, and was composed of picked men. They had evidently reconnoitred the breach, or thought it impracticable, for none of them attempted to reach it. They had thrown a quantity of timber and rubbish into the stream the preceding night, and calculated, no doubt, on its forcing open the iron grating; but it was discovered in time to raise the portcullis, and let it pass on before the opening was choked up.

Nevertheless, this seems to have been the point of their intended attack. A ploughed field of deep alluvial soil lay between us and their lines, and was almost impassable from continued rains. Their storming party plunged up to the knees at each step, whilst some proceeded down the bed of the stream following its course toward the port-

cullis. At length they began to hesitate. The fire of our people was galling in the extreme, and did great execution. The French officers advanced in front and cheered their men on to imitate their example, but at length the men put about and fled. The officers thus abandoned, were obliged to run up to the wall for shelter from our fire, and were thus taken prisoners.

When, by Skerrett's orders, I went to the Spaniards, I found they had not absolutely fled on the first approach of the enemy as reported, but they were huddled together in one or two towers, leaving the curtain from which their fire might have been effective without troops. Fortunately, the French did not perceive it, for with ladders they might have walked into the town without difficulty, or had they brought a gun to bear upon the towers in question, the Spaniards would have paid dearly for their cowardice. I was intimately acquainted with one of the officers, and I prevailed upon him to extend a few of his men to where they had been before: but the others assailed me with obscene gestures and language. To this I replied by reflecting on their conduct as men and soldiers.

It is really surprising they did not throw me over the wall. By the way, it was here principally

that I witnessed the scene which I have already attempted to describe. The most ridiculous feature in the conduct of the Spaniards remains to be told. On the following morning, songs had been composed and were now sung through the streets, lauding the bravery of the Spaniards, and in honour of the "Virgin de la Luz," whom many were ready to testify they had seen standing in the breach repulsing the awe-stricken Frenchmen by her dread presence. I hope this affirmation will set at rest the relative merits of the 47th and 87th Regiments, both of whom claim the honour of having defended the breach. I give it as my testimony, that they were neither of them in it, nor was their presence required for any earthly purpose; the breach being, as before stated, impracticable. Surely then the honour may, with propriety, be ceded on such good authority, *on Spanish authority*, to "Our Lady of the Light," whose ruined convent, two or three miles from Tarifa, at the entrance of the pass, shews her reasonable dislike to the French who had defiled her temple.

Captain O'Donoghue of the 47th Regiment took home the dispatches, and obtained the brevet rank of major. I was thanked in General Orders, but by some mistake my name was omitted in the

dispatch. It attracted the attention of the Duke of Kent, who desired his secretary to write to me, and express His Royal Highness' gratification at seeing the son of his old friend employed in the responsible situation I then held. I never answered, nor took the slightest notice of this letter, and thus from sheer idleness lost a friend who might again have proved of service to me as he had before been at Talavera.

We were apprehensive that the French might make another attempt, but fortunately for us the weather was so excessively wet as to threaten the advent of a second deluge. At length after a very rainy night, the morning broke clear, and we found that our friends outside were gone. They had most effectually destroyed their guns by breaking off one of the trunnions, and were compelled by the desperate condition of the roads to leave behind the whole of their heavy ordnance.

Nothing more signal than this defeat of the French before Tarifa could have occurred. They were not only obliged to retire before a garrison too weak to pursue them, but also to sacrifice their heavy ordnance and military stores. It does not, however, require much penetration to see that without detracting from the merit of the troops engaged in the expedition, or the skill of those

engaged in the defences, which were unquestionably great, our ultimate success was mainly attributable to the unceasing rains. For these not only deluged the open country and destroyed the *matériel* of the besieging army, but dispirited the men, by spreading disease and death through their ranks.

At the termination of the siege, I returned to Cadiz, and resumed my duties as Major of Brigade in the garrison of La Ysla de Leon. The brigade consisted of the 47th, 87th, and 20th Portuguese. It was subsequently commanded by Colonel Skerrett, on the return of that officer from an expedition sent to the relief of Tarragona, which object he had not effected. My Portuguese servants had behaved very well during my absence; I found my horse in capital condition, and my establishment in very good order.

Major-General Cooke now commanded the Anglo-Portuguese force stationed at Cadiz and La Ysla, and another expedition was formed, which I was unexpectedly ordered to accompany in the capacity of Brigade-Major. I did not approve serving again under Skerrett, and I had no reason to believe that he was desirous I should do so. I therefore called upon the Adjutant-General to try and get excused. I was told that I ought to feel

highly honoured; but on hinting the real cause of my objection, it caused some surprise, for it appears that Skerrett had made a particular request that I should be ordered to attend him. Under such circumstances, I could of course no longer object, and we afterwards became much better friends. The Anglo-British force consisted of about 1,600 men, and we were to co-operate with the Spanish General, Juan de la Cruz Murgeon; our destination being the Condada de Niebla.

We landed at Huelba about the middle of August, 1812, and at Moghures established our hospital prior to commencing operations. A certain number of men were told off as hospital orderlies, to attend the sick, but as it was desirable we should commence the campaign with as many effective bayonets as possible, I made arrangements accordingly. In doing this, I got into a scrape with the Guards, from which corps I had ordered two drummers to be left to attend to their own sick. The hospital establishments of the Guards and Ordnance Department are on a different footing from those of the rest of the army, and these corps do not report to the head of our medical establishment. Nevertheless they had sick which were to be attended to, and as it would not be advisable to establish a separate hospital for them

alone, their sick were placed, for the time, in our hospital; but the Adjutant not only objected to give the orderlies, but further hinted that the Guards could not be brigaded with any other corps, and that consequently my office, so far as they were concerned, was a nullity. Although the brigade was commanded by a Guardsman, Colonel P. Maitland, yet Skerrett commanded the whole force, and I believe that Colonel Maitland felt as much annoyed as myself at the obstacles thrown in the way of the performance of my duties. I told him that I could find none of those privileges specified in the King's Regulations, nor had any warrant or authority been shewn to me for them, otherwise they would have been attended to, but being a Guardsman himself the Colonel did not like to have it said that he relinquished any of their privileges, or had been the cause of such forfeiture. He therefore required that in giving out "the details," I would send him a memorandum of that part which affected the battalion of Guards, and he would himself issue the necessary order with a view of preventing further altercation, until an officer of the Adjutant-General's Department might arrive from Cadiz. He began to suspect, as well as myself, that possibly the Adjutant of

the Guards was anxious to displace me and step into my shoes.

In order that I might retain my appointment, and an officer being required to observe and report upon the movements of General Drouet's corps, and to be placed in communication with Lord Hill, I was requested to undertake that post. I willingly acceded to the proposal, as there was no duty which I liked better. My remuneration was tolerably liberal. I was allowed three dollars per diem whilst so employed, in addition to my pay as Brigade-Major, my pay as Captain in the Portuguese service, and as Lieutenant in the British service.

The enemy had blown up the Castle of Niebla and retired on our approach. I therefore proceeded to my destination in the mountains of Aracena. Skerrett inquired, but whether in joke or in earnest I know not, if I intended to adopt the Spanish costume. To this I returned a decided negative, telling him that in the execution of a military duty I would, if required on an emergency, present myself in the enemy's camp, but it must be in the character and dress of a British officer. I did not think that I should look well suspended by the neck from a tree. He then wished to give me an escort of twenty dragoons, but this honour I

also declined, as I knew it would attract the notice of the French, and perhaps end in myself and party being carried off by them before we became aware of their vicinity. Besides, such a charge would require from me an amount of attention which ought to be bestowed on other objects. I therefore prepared to start with only one attendant, a Spanish muleteer, who was equally well mounted with myself.

I had letters of introduction to one or two of the inhabitants of the town of Aracena, and also to a priest at Sta. Ullala. This latter place is a post town on the high road leading from Llerena, where Drouet had established his head-quarters, to Seville; and the Padre's known hatred to the French, with his extensive connexions and acquaintance where Drouet's—the Conde d'Erlon—corps d'armée was stationed, ensured my getting the earliest and best information respecting his movements. When I arrived at Aracena, the inhabitants were about to proclaim the constitution of the Spanish Cortes. I had consequently an opportunity of seeing the peasantry to advantage in their holiday dresses, which are different in the mountainous district of Aracena to those of any other part of Spain which I have visited. The men and women seemed to be taller and fairer

than the Andalusians are generally. The women wore short woollen peticoats of a red colour, for the most part, with yellow stockings and high-heeled shoes. I wish that I could remember with greater accuracy the names of the different places I passed through, and the incidents which occurred whilst employed here; but I never try to recollect anything of the neighbourhood of Aracena without the short red petticoats and yellow stockings; the well-turned leg and pretty foot and ankle, and still prettier faces of the mountaineers stealing from some hiding place in my memory and banishing every other recollection. I paid a few visits to the Padre at Sta. Ullala. On these occasions I posted my muleteer at one end of the village whilst my host sent a servant to the other. Couriers were frequently passing between the French head-quarters and Seville, and these men had orders to warn me of their approach and give me time to retreat.

The priest was a very good sort of fellow, and never could be induced to accept from me any reward for his services, nor make any claim. He only required me to pay a trifling sum to his messengers. His hatred of the French was extreme, and he used to say that should he be able

to render any service to the good cause he would be sufficiently rewarded.

As a specimen of his mode of proceeding in getting a letter conveyed to another Padre, a friend of his at the Conde d'Erlon's head-quarters, he wrote two letters; one of them, on common topics, I recollect was about the purchase of some sheep; the other was on the subject in reference to which I was so especially anxious to gain timely information. The bearer of these letters was desired, if he met with any of the enemy's police over-curious to know where he came from, to deny at first that he had any letters with him, but when pressed he was to produce immediately the one on ordinary topics, retaining the other in the sole of his sandal. By pretending great alarm they never searched further, and it was calculated that the letter, after being read, would be returned to him with, perhaps, a box on the ear for the trouble he had occasioned. Acting upon the advice of my friend the Padre, I always slept in my clothes the few days I stayed at Aracena, and my horse was kept ready saddled for an immediate start. General Juan de la Cruz had an officer there at the same time with myself, and having learned that Drouet intended to retire on the following morning, I wrote to Skerrett to that effect, and

wrote to Lord Hill's head-quarters for the purpose of communicating the information I had obtained. His Lordship told me that he had that moment received similar intelligence, and was therefore preparing to follow him. He had also just been made acquainted with the entry of our troops into Seville, requesting me to accompany his division in the morning, when he would prepare dispatches for me to take to Skerrett. On receiving them, I was ordered to call in my way upon Don Julian Sanchez, at Fuente de Cantos, where I was detained some time. I afterwards continued my journey, and reached Seville at midnight.

Skerrett would not believe that I had marched with Lord Hill, and left his division that morning, until he read the letters I had delivered to him, and remarked the date. It was then found that I had ridden 105 miles in the hottest weather of the month of September.

On leaving the head-quarters of the Spanish General, I unfortunately missed my way, and got into a hilly district to the left, where there were no regular posts. I rode my own horse nearly forty miles, and then gave him in charge to the Alcalde of a village, with orders to forward him at leisure to the English General at Seville. The mules I rode afterwards until I regained the high-

road, were not accustomed to the saddle. The kicking and plunging of the brutes before I could get them well started were very fatiguing, and long before I reached Seville I could scarcely keep my seat from drowsiness and fatigue. The following day my muleteer arrived, and I was all right again. My horse was sent to me in capital condition about a week afterwards, and in being passed from one post to another must have been carefully tended.

The taking of Seville was a very brilliant affair, and I deeply regretted that I had not arrived two days earlier to have participated in it. Skerrett had, however, taken care this time to acknowledge, in his dispatch, the service I had rendered to him while employed on observation.

It would seem that the French force was taken by surprise, and the floating bridge was not effectually destroyed, as a number of the peasantry managed to repair it, by placing planks across where other planks had been previously cut away. This, I am told, the inhabitants effected in a most praiseworthy and gallant manner under a heavy fire of musketry from the retiring foe. Our loss was not very severe. One officer of artillery, I believe, was killed, and Brigadier-General Downie, of the Spanish service, badly wounded in the head

by grape shot and bayonetted, while storming the bridge. Downie, who was a tall, and particularly handsome fellow, had been a commissary in the British service; but afterwards preferred entering as a Colonel in the Spanish service, to wielding a pen in his own. He organized a corps called Downie's Spanish Legion, in which the men were clothed and armed from England. They wore the old Spanish costume—slashed sleeves, Spanish hat, &c., and altogether the uniform was very handsome, although a little too theatrical. Downie was a brave fellow, with a dash of Don Quixotism in his valour. When taken prisoner by the French, their General Officer, whose name I forget, abused him in the most gross and insolent manner. Finding that he was an Englishman, he ordered him to be tied to one of the guns, and in this manner was the wounded sufferer dragged on a hot gun, until very fortunately, Soult fell in with him. Soult was greatly displeased with the conduct of his Lieutenant, and ordered Downie, who was now delirious, to be released, and placed in comfortable quarters, until he could express his regret for the treatment to which he had been exposed. As further atonement Soult desired that Downie might be sent for, and then ordered that he should no longer be considered a

prisoner of war. He was accordingly released. When I saw him afterwards at Seville, it was supposed that he could not survive the injuries he had received. He ultimately recovered, and when in command of a division in Longa's corps, in the Pyrenees, sent a challenge to the officer by whom he had been so cruelly treated. This being declined, he proceeded to distribute placards along the front of his command. The affair having come to the knowledge of the French officers, they obliged the obnoxious General to leave the army, and the French service. The Frenchman had, it would seem, lost the greater part of his baggage at Seville, and his rage at this misfortune was the principal motive for treating his prisoner in so unofficer-like a manner.

Downie subsequently became a Roman Catholic, and was appointed Governor of the Alhambra at Seville. He was always in great pecuniary difficulties occasioned by his liberal hospitality. When the Princess of Portugal passed through Seville on her way to Madrid, as the Consort of King Ferdinand the Seventh, the canons and other dignitaries of the cathedral waited upon him, to suggest that he ought to give a fête on so auspicious an occasion.

He said that he was perfectly aware of the pro-

priety of such a course, but having no money, it was quite impossible, and the canons must therefore give the entertainment themselves, unless they chose to lend the money without interest, as in that case only could he consent to the arrangement.

This was accordingly agreed upon, but my friend Downie never repaid the loan which the reverend gentlemen advanced. He required them to furnish a written demand, stating the occasion on which, and the purpose for which the debt was contracted, saying that he would then forward it to the Queen, who would, no doubt, feel honoured at being called upon to pay the cost of her own entertainment.

CHAPTER VI.

Theatre at Seville—Bull fights—A Lesson for Lancers—Horse dealing—Aranjuez—Skerrett's Brigade covers the retreat of Lord Hill's corps—Defence of Puente Largo—Drunken French dragoons and a flag of truce—Narrow escape—Artifice employed to prevent the retreat of the Brigade being discovered—Dispatch of Lord Wellington—Extraordinary changes in corps during a few years—A severe hurt under fire—Appointed to do duty with Lieutenant-General Sir J. Hamilton's division—Madrid—Alba de Tormes—Privations suffered by the Portuguese Regiment—Permission to visit Lisbon—Interview with Marshal Beresford.

OUR troops were cantoned in the villages, at a distance from Seville, Skerrett and myself remaining in the city. The French had left Seville in such a hurry that their corps dramatique of Spaniards had not been able to make their escape; they were therefore ordered to perform as before. The piece selected with great good taste by the Spanish general, Juan de la Cruz, for the first representation, was called "Il papa Mosca," meaning a person with his mouth open, who will swallow any news that may be brought to him. This piece had a great run while the French were

here, and the actors were unwilling to perform it again; however, a hint from General La. Cruz was sufficient.

The subject of this play is a French officer in love with the daughter of a rich old Spaniard, who hates the French, and everything connected with them. The daughter does not participate in his dislikes, but is so watched by some of her father's friends and associates, that she finds great difficulty in communicating with her lover. The father takes great interest in the proceedings of the patriot armies, and clandestinely receives accounts of their victories over the French, with extracts from English and Cadiz newspapers, containing details of their successes, in language inflated and ludicrous in the extreme. He is thus informed of the return of Ferdinand VII. to Spain, and of that king's actual presence in the neighbourhood, where he waits an opportunity to make himself known to the father, the fame of whose love for him, and for his country, had reached the monarch's ears while in exile. All this the old gentleman communicates to a knot of chosen friends, and to his daughter, of whose patriotism and prudence he is assured, from having discovered a portrait in her possession, which she tells him is that of Ferdinand, but is in reality a likeness of

her lover. At length King Ferdinand makes his appearance, in the character and costume of an officer in the French army (a captain of cavalry), and demands the daughter in marriage. He is pointed out as an impostor by some of the old gentleman's friends, but that worthy thinks the resemblance between the portrait and the new arrival quite sets the matter of identity at rest.

In the midst of this domestic happiness, an informer goes to the police office, and for a sum of money offers to give up the king. He is not credited, but kicked out. Another *respectable Spaniard* coming afterwards, and describing in glowing colours the misery which awaits his country, should King Joseph hear that any unworthy Spaniards were capable of harbouring Ferdinand without denouncing him, offers at the same time to conduct a party of military to where he is to be found. On arriving at the old Spaniard's house, he finds only a captain of his own regiment, who to ingratiate himself with the father, represents himself as King Ferdinand in disguise, in order to marry the daughter. The old gentleman, now convinced of the untruth of everything written in the English papers about victories, and that the happiness of Spain and of his daughter are

dependent on the friendship of France, consents to the marriage being celebrated. The farce was acted every night afterwards during our stay at Seville.

Great was the rejoicing at the departure of the French. The ruling authorities of the city entertained us with several bull fights, which were considered the best got up, and most magnificent in all Spain. For my part, the first I witnessed made me feel quite sick. Let it suffice that four noble-looking horses were killed by the bull, and their riders appeared to me to be in imminent danger of sharing the same fate, escaping only by their great address and activity. Latterly I became less chicken-hearted; but how could it be otherwise? I was laughed at by the señoritas of my acquaintance, who induced me to repeat my visit, and I soon learned to enjoy the spectacle almost as much as they did themselves—so quickly does habit overcome and deaden our more refined sympathies.

The arena of the amphitheatre was very spacious, and opposite the door where the bull and combatants entered, sat the *élite* of the city of Seville, under an awning. The principal magistrate or person giving the fête occupied a conspicuous place in front. Round the arena, at the

foot of the steps of the amphitheatre, ran a strong barricade, forming a passage of about five feet wide, and as many in height, with here and there a narrow opening, by which the foot-combatants might escape in case of need. Yet it frequently happens that they are obliged to vault over the barricade, as the bull charges amongst the spectators so sharply after them. In these cases the bull is driven round the corridor, or narrow passage, to a door, which is opened to admit him again into the arena.

The hour having arrived for this truly national spectacle, the doors are thrown open, and three picadores, lance in hand, advance with a flourish of trumpets towards the seat of the principal personage. They salute him, and one of them receives on the point of his lance a bunch of keys. These men are generally followed by a host of others on foot, in the gayest attire, each with a bundle of arrows, and the *capa* (a kind of cloak) over his shoulder. Next in succession comes the matador, who, in lieu of a bundle of arrows, carries his good sword, a trusty toledo, with which he is to combat single-handed, and kill the bull. Most of these men are *gitanos* (or gipsies), and are evidently of a different race from the Spaniards, with whom they do not intermarry.

On grand occasions few of them are dressed at a less expense than five or six hundred dollars. Some of the more dexterous of the matadors and picadores are great favourites, and receive something more valuable than bouquets—purses, well lined with doubloons, are given, and generally by the female part of the audience.

The leading picadore, having handed his bundle of keys to a person on foot, the three take their stand behind each other, facing the door by which the bull is to enter, and with their right knee resting on the paling of the corridor. The lance is held short poised over the left or near side of the horse, and, whilst they silently wait the attack, all the men on foot retire.

The noise from the clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, shouting and uproar, when the animal first makes his appearance, is tremendous; particularly if the bull happens to be of some breed celebrated for ferocity and pluck. The one I first witnessed was of this description, and *vieuda la vieuda, viva la vieuda* resounded from all parts of the house. A breed of jet black bulls, the most celebrated in all Spain, was the property of a widow lady, and on this occasion she had presented two or three of them to the city of Seville for the pastime of its inhabitants.

The ladies all stood up when the animal first rushed in, and I never saw a finer formed creature, as with distended nostrils, trembling with rage, he surveyed the audience. The clamour seemed to rivet him to the place where he stood. Tearing up the ground with his feet, and lashing his tail, he appeared indignant that he could not reach the spectators, until at length, espying the silent and stationary picadores, he made a tremendous lunge at the foremost. The blade of the lance is not permitted to be more than about two inches in length, lest it should inflict too deep a wound. The picadore received him with his lance, inflicting a wound on the bull's shoulder, and fairly thrusting him away from the horse, passed him on to the next picadore. The other received his charge in the same manner. The bull, nothing daunted, tore up the earth, lashing his tail, and retired, as if to gain a proper distance before repeating his lunge. The horsemen, in the meantime, moved round the arena so as to present their bridle-hand or near side to the next attack. I ought to have stated that the horses, if not blind, are always hoodwinked, otherwise the lance of the rider might not take effect should the animal move or wince from the charge. The horses are never very steady after one or two charges,

as from having felt the weight of the bull, they seem afterwards conscious of his approach. The leading horseman turned the bull off as before, the next succeeded in doing the same, but his horse got dreadfully gored. On the third, the bull, maddened with rage, leaped wildly, and down came both man and horse. The horse was soon gored to death, the picadore, with unwieldy boots, such as are worn by French postillions, and with his saddle raised behind and before, could not have extricated himself had not some of the footmen (*banderillos*) leaped into the arena, and drawn off the bull's attention. The man then walked leisurely away to mount a fresh horse which had been brought him, the bull returning every now and then to kneel upon and gore the dead one. The same thing continued until this bull had killed four of the horses. Having contrived to get the infuriated animal into the corridor, three mules abreast, gaudily caparisoned with bells, &c. &c., were driven into the arena, and, being made fast to a dead horse, were at full speed started off, returning for a fresh load, till the dead horses were all removed. The bull having been re-admitted, and the picadores withdrawn, the bandilleros were now to show their dexterity. Some of these, armed with an arrow

in each hand, when the animal made his lunge, stepping on one side to avoid it, stuck both arrows into the crest of the bull's neck. The arrows having squibs and crackers attached to them, on exploding, drove the poor beast to madness: yet, extraordinary as it may seem, the bull did not succeed in horning any of the men. Last of all came the matador, and he alone remained in the arena. The bull at first seemed surprised at finding himself with only one, on whom to wreak his vengeance, and eyed him with head erect, as if astonished at his audacity. The steadfast gaze of the matador seemed to overawe him. The bull pawed and tore up the ground. The man advanced a little, the bull retiring. The object of the matador seemed to be to get the animal to lower his horns. He struck the ground with the point of his sword, and shook his cape when the bull made a desperate charge. It was his last. The matador struck his sword up to the hilt, through the spinal marrow between the shoulders. The bull rolled over dead at his feet amidst the loudest plaudits of the spectators, in which the ladies, as usual, joined most heartily.

I have before remarked on the circumstance of the picadores always keeping the side on which they hold the lance guarded against the bull's approach.

By passing the lance over the horse's neck, holding it extremely short, and riding with the stirrups very long, they were ready to relieve themselves of his weight, and pass him on to the next horseman. If, on the contrary, they had received the bull on the same side as that on which they poised their lance, the weight of the charge would probably either have broken the weapon, or tilted the rider over. They ride so long to obtain the power of strengthening the knee on the opposite side, thereby affording greater purchase and more resistance. The picadore could not otherwise have withdrawn his lance so easily. In this we have a lesson which lancer corps might read with profit. The advocates of the sword affirm, and, I believe, with justice, that if the lance is held long, the point can be easily parried by the sword; and if the point of the latter weapon gets under, the lancer will, in all probability, be capsized. In charging crowded infantry, the shaft of the lance will be broken, or, if of good material, the rider will be thrown from being unable to rid himself of it. But in couching the lance over the bridle rein, when held short, the same objections do not occur; and I almost suspect that a great portion of the loss at Aliwal by the Lancers when

charging, the crowded Sikhs may have arisen from want of attention to this particular.

At Seville we were joined by more troops from Cadiz, and Colonel Skerrett conceiving that my appointment as Brigade-Major would not eventually be confirmed, without consulting my wishes, appointed me to be his aide-de-camp. I did not exactly desire this; but the same day, by good fortune, I met Captain Fane, of the 87th Regiment, and told him what had occurred. I further said that if he preferred Seville to the village where his regiment was stationed, I would advise him immediately to apply to Skerrett for the appointment; commissioning him to say, that he knew I would prefer my present employment, as I should not be permitted to remain on the staff of any general officer, and continue at the same time in the Portuguese service.

Fane was a nephew of the Earl of Westmoreland; to his great joy he succeeded in obtaining the appointment. I accidentally met him some years afterwards in the streets of London, having then obtained my company in the 80th regiment. He was a lieutenant-colonel, an M.P., and a chairman of some committee or other in the House of Commons. He is since dead.

We now received orders to join Lord Hill at

Aranjuez, and on the march I did a little in the horse-dealing line, of which I was very proud, particularly in getting a good price for my horse. In those days it was considered very praiseworthy when we of the infantry were able *to sell* a cavalry-man a bargain, or in other words get the best of the bargain. I sold Major Frederick of the 2nd Hussars, R. G. Legion, a horse for about twice his worth, although the horse had been examined by several of his people. He professed to be satisfied with it rather than be laughed at by the infantry snobs. I am sorry to say that we were more frequently victimized by them: sometimes in the most wanton way, without its tending to their particular profit—but of this, more hereafter.

We found Lord Hill's head-quarters at Aranjuez, whence he was preparing to retire upon Madrid. This is a pretty town, and the late King of Spain had a shooting box here, at which he used to spend a great deal of his time. Don Carlos IV. was particularly fond of shooting, and the walls of the apartments of this cottage were beautifully ornamented with fresco paintings of sporting subjects and trophies. With the reigning sovereign, Queen Isabella, it is also a favourite retreat and residence.

We had some skirmishing across the river

Tagus, and a friend of mine, Budgen of the 95th Rifles, was severely wounded. Skerrett's Brigade, consisting of the 47th, 87th, and Rifles, was ordered to cover the retreat of this division of the army upon Madrid. We had rather a sharp affair at Puente Largo after leaving Aranjuez. A mine had been laid to blow up the bridge when we had crossed it, but failed so signally, that the bridge might have been made passable for artillery with very little labour. It was however necessary to detain the enemy twenty-four hours, and defend the bridge, in order to give our main body a good start, and we set to work manfully, but not without some loss. Lord Hill was present a great part of the day.

The river was here very broad, and the bridge, as its name implies, very long. A triple avenue of large forest trees (but some distance asunder along the banks of the river) led from Aranjuez to the head of the bridge, where there was an inn, while a ridge of hills at half gun shot commanded the whole length of the bridge, and the high causeway on the road to Madrid.

The intention was to have destroyed one of the centre arches, and Captain Goldsmith of the Engineers, when he found that his mine had not succeeded, had time to place an abbattis, and

throw up a breastwork to defend the passage before the French troops arrived. At one end of the bridge on each side of the causeway, the space was broader, forming a kind of terrace raised to the level of the causeway and bridge, with balustrades and stone seats looking on the river. These greatly assisted our means of defence, as below and behind these terraces, there was sufficient space to shelter in close column our two battalions of infantry.

A demi-battery of 9-pounders under the command of Captain Browne, a German in the Portuguese service, was prepared for action on the right terrace or bastion, and the limbers and cattle placed under cover behind the terrace. The enemy pushed forward along the avenue, about twenty or fire-and-twenty dragoons, and the manner in which they did this and gained possession of the inn at the opposite end of the bridge, excited our admiration. They advanced at a gallop singly, and to prevent their horses being blown, reined up suddenly behind any of the larger trees, where they could obtain shelter from the fire of our musketry from the opposite bank of the river. This they did in succession, and so rapidly, that they did not lose a man; albeit their horses were sometimes a little exposed. Their infantry ad-

vanced from a different point, so that interposing the inn between us, they were not perceived until they arrived at the head of the bridge, and covered themselves with the building before mentioned.

The height which commanded and overlooked the whole length of the bridge and causeway, was also speedily occupied by the enemy's artillery, and the guns being posted a little behind the crest of the hill, we could only see the muzzle of each.

Before storming the bridge, the enemy commenced a most furious cannonade, which was responded to by our Portuguese guns; but with little effect, the lowness of their position was very unfavourable, and the storming party could be seen. The Portuguese artillerymen behaved remarkably well. Amidst a storm of plunging shot, they worked their guns as if on a parade. One youth only (a cadet) seemed a little alarmed, but a look (and such a look!) from his German captain soon made him more collected, and I was very glad to see them ordered to the rear; their ammunition having been all expended. Their escape seemed miraculous, for I do not believe they lost a man.

The infantry suffered very severely. After a momentary pause, the enemy rushed forward and

attempted to carry the bridge at point of the bayonet, but were received with such a murderous fire of musketry that at first pausing, they were afterwards driven back with great slaughter. They re-formed with similar results, and finding that John Bull, with a front equal to any that might be brought against him, was not to be ejected in that rude, unceremonious way, they desisted. Early in the day, Lord Hill called me to him, and told me that he had just received the order for the distribution of the brigade; and he regretted to inform me that in attaching the corps to different divisions, no provision had been made for the staff. In my case he conceived it might be some mistake, and he would write to Lord Wellington on the subject. Until he received an answer, I might remain with him on his staff as a hanger-on if I wished it.

A few days previously I had received a note from Colonel Prior, telling me that Lord Beresford was furious at my being on the British Staff, and Prior therefore begged I would return as soon as possible. Of this I informed Lord Hill, thanking him at the same time for his kindness. He then told me that should anything favourable to my future views occur, to make him acquainted

with it, and he would use his best efforts to serve me.

To return from this digression to the bridge where we left the belligerents in a state of temporary tranquillity. A staff-officer was now seen approaching towards us, bearing a flag of truce. Skerrett had been brought up, in France, and he called on the officer to halt, or he would order his men to fire upon him. Halting, however, was not the officer's object, and he continued to advance until he had crossed the mine. I was then ordered out to stop him, and hear what he wanted; and at once to make him re-cross the breach which the mine had made. We had scarcely got across, when five or six greasy-looking, heavy dragoons dashed out from behind the inn, to where I was. I could see from their good-humoured faces, gleaming through their huge moustachios, that they were not bent on mischief dire, but merely came for the pupose of satisfying their curiosity. With out-stretched hands they came towards me, calling out in a lingo of their own, "Bono de Ingles o bono, bono." The officer was highly indignant, and ordered them away. They replied that they must and would shake hands with me; and at last he was obliged to request that I would comply

with their wishes, saying, "You see the state they are in; they are indeed very drunk."

He then told me that they were desirous of a truce for a limited period to remove the wounded. Of the French, there were a great number; of ours, only two. These had been struck with round shot, and, being in a dying state, could not be removed. All the others had been brought off by their comrades at the time they were wounded. I told the officer that our commander was very angry that he had crossed the breach caused by the mine, and that he regretted he had not fired upon him. I would, however, deliver his message, and in the event of his proposition being acceded to, a handkerchief should be hoisted over the parapet. It was quite evident that his principal object had been to reconnoitre the condition of the bridge and the effect which the mine had produced, and his having passed over it himself, was sufficient proof that little damage had been done.

Together with an officer of the 87th Regiment, named Morgan Carrol (brother of Sir Parker Carrol), I had an extraordinary escape from a round shot. During the morning, I had been busily employed in carrying orders, &c., between Lord Hill and Skerrett, and as one of these trips

was not likely to occupy me more than an hour, I asked Morgan Carrol to do my duty for me during my absence. While speaking to him on the causeway, a solitary gun from the enemy was fired with such precision, that, passing between us, it carried off the point of Carrol's cocked hat; thus rudely interrupting our conversation. I met Carrol once or twice afterwards during the retreat, and he continued to wear this identical hat, evidently proud of its deficiency in symmetry. This officer, when placed on half pay at the end of the war, went to South America, and was never heard of afterwards.

In the course of the day I met Browne, who had commanded the artillery, employed in the defence of the bridge. He had heard that I was to rejoin my Portuguese regiment, and therefore took the opportunity of telling me that the appointment of Assistant-Quarter-Master-General was vacant in General Hamilton's, commonly called the Portuguese Division. He begged me to apply for it. I did not know where my Portuguese regiment was stationed, nor was I anxious, after so long an absence, to return to regimental duty. I therefore mentioned the circumstance to General Hill, who immediately sat down and wrote a note in pencil to General Hamilton, which

he gave to me, saying, "Lord Beresford is very jealous of any interference in the appointments to his army by British General officers, and Hamilton may make some difficulty and be afraid to receive you; but I have ordered him to do it, and told him I would take all the responsibility on my shoulders." This I was to deliver the first opportunity.

The French had now satisfied themselves that they could not force the passage of the bridge, and that our troops were too well sheltered to be much affected by their cannonade. Each party remained silently observing the other, till it became quite dark. In the meantime we had prepared a number of artificial sentries, with broken muskets, coats, and caps of men who had been killed; sticking the automatons, with fixed bayonets, in the places where we had previously had living men. We then stealthily withdrew, making as little noise as possible, following the route taken by our retiring army. Our lifeless substitutes must have done their duty well, for the enemy could not have discovered that we were gone for several hours afterwards, as we saw none of them during the remainder of that night's long march. To prove that Skerrett's Brigade was considered to have distinguished itself on this occasion, I have only to

refer to Lord Wellington's despatch to the Secretary of State, dated November, 1812.. After that night I never met with Skerrett again, or with the 47th, 87th, or 95th Rifles, until many years after the close of the war. Skerrett was killed at Bergen-op-Zoom. When I saw the 47th at Portsmouth, in 1836, of all my old brother campaigners, only Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel O'Donoghue, and a Corporal of Pioneers, were remaining. I was some time afterwards invited to dine with the depôt of the 87th at Chatham, on the anniversary of the battle of Barossa, and I was then told that there was not one individual remaining in the corps of that period! Of the 95th, now called the Rifle Brigade, I have only seen Sir A. Barnard; he came down to see his corps at Chatham the same year, and recognized me immediately. My last day's duty with these regiments (the last of their existence as a brigade) was closed with a severe hurt occasioned by fatigue in riding, or some other cause, and which was rendered worse by the march on the following day. It was not until several years afterwards that I obtained a pension from his Majesty for life, in consequence of the injury I then received. My horse was also done up, and becoming

a dead weight on my hands, I ultimately sold him for a mere trifle.

On presenting my note to General Hamilton, he received me very kindly, observing, "General Hill has done well to take the responsibility upon himself of ordering you to join my division, otherwise I should have been in a scrape with Marshal Beresford. One thing, however, he has not foreseen. I have already recommended my Aide-de-Camp, for the appointment, and I expect his Lordship's confirmation of it in a day or two; but if Captain F. Watson is gazetted to that situation, I shall be happy if you will remain on my staff as Aide-de-Camp." Captain Watson's appointment arrived two days after, and I decided on remaining on General Hamilton's staff until the troops went into cantonments.

We halted but a few hours on the Prado, nor were we permitted to enter the town of Madrid, but continued our march without anything particular occurring until we reached Alba de Tormes. Here we made a stand for some days, and, to defend the castle, a garrison was left, consisting of a detachment of 300 men, Spaniards, commanded by Major Jose de Miranda, and the bridge over the Tormes was mined, ready to be destroyed on our retreat. In addition to General Hamilton's

Division, we had Howard's Brigade of British Infantry. The enemy was driven back in their attack upon the town. In the official report made by General Hamilton to Lord Hill, dated 12th of November, 1812, published in the Wellington Despatches, I am mentioned as General Hamilton's Aide-de-Camp.

In evacuating Alba de Tormes the mine was sprung, and, unfortunately, the engineer, Captain Goldsmith, this time succeeded in destroying two of the arches. I say unfortunately, for the river was fordable in several places both above and below the bridge. At one of these fords a cavalry picquet of ours was surprised and taken. After our departure the Spanish garrison remained in the citadel, and continued to retain possession until it was intimated to them that the army had gone into cantonments. Major Josef de Miranda then blew up the castle, and, with the garrison, penetrating through the French army, effected his escape, having brought off the whole of his men.

There was a deal of manœuvring and countermarching after we left Alba de Tormes, and I thought we were on the eve of having another grand fight on nearly the same ground as that on which a battle was fought a few months before. On this occasion Lord Wellington had secured

both the Arepelas; and the French General would not fight on ground of his Lordship's selection; but, passing round our right flank through the champaign country below, he endeavoured to interpose his army between us and Portugal. Lord Wellington was therefore obliged to continue his retreat.

It has been affirmed that the British army suffered no privations during this retreat, and I believe the assertion to have been generally correct; but, with reference to the Portuguese army, or rather, that portion of it with which I served (Hamilton's Division,) I must beg leave to dissent. This division at the commencement, was badly supplied; the *Vals*, or I O U's, of their Commissariat did not find favour with the Spaniards, and of ready money they had little or none. Whether the Commissaries were overbullied by the General, or greatly frightened from some other cause, it is impossible to say; one thing is certain, they at length fairly bolted from us. Our division of the army was, from this cause, obliged to subsist for three or four days on acorns and what else they could pick up. Let it not be supposed that these acorns were the same as those we have in England; they were nearly equal to the Spanish chesnuts when roasted, and,

in my opinion, when eaten raw, are preferable. The privations consequent upon being without rations was less sensibly felt. Our General kept a tolerably good table for us; but this, too, felt the pressure of the times. We were often without bread: one day I thought myself particularly fortunate when I brought back five cakes, each weighing about a pound and a half, for which I paid five dollars. The weather, also, was very cold and wet; and the tent in which Watson, Pinto (the Assistant Adjutant-General), and myself slept was small and very bad. The Portuguese Division had no tents, but, gipsey fashion, slept under their blankets. These were large, and for greater convenience had loops at each end and at the four corners. The upright poles they made use of were temporary, generally pieces of stick, and of a height not very uniform. One of these blankets served for three men, and the other two served them as bedding. A blanket, I have found, will turn a deal of rain, but then it is necessary that nothing should touch it, or else the water will pass through.

After passing a very uncomfortable night, I was one day, during a short walk, sheltering myself under the lee of a tree, from the cold wind and rain, when I espied an old Cadiz friend of mine, a

Commissary. He scarcely saw me before he rode up with a wooden canteen of rum in his hand, saying, "old fellow, you are looking very miserable, see if that will do you any good." I had indeed been very ill for several days, and although I seldom drank spirits, I seized the canteen most greedily, and I don't know but what I should have emptied it, had I not caught sight of three Portuguese officers quite strangers to me, who yet seemed to envy my good fortune, looking as cold and miserable as myself. My friend having taken his departure, I beckoned them to come where I was and take a pull, and passing the canteen round, strange as it may seem, we emptied it. For my own part I felt no other effect from taking such a quantity of spirit, than an agreeable glow; nor do I think my companions were affected by it more than myself.

The army having gone into cantonments, I heard that the 20th Portuguese regiment had been ordered to Portugal, to garrison Abrantes, and joined them about two days before they reached their destination. The poor old Major had died from fatigue, during the retreat, and his wife and daughters had returned to Campo Mayor, where I understood they had some property.

During my absence I had been passed over by

a junior officer, who had succeeded to the majority from some hocus-pocus arrangements of Lord Beresford. The officer had been strongly recommended by the Portuguese Government, according to his Lordship's statement.

I became sick for want of excitement, and disgusted at being obliged to remain in Portugal, in garrison, when the army was again breaking up from its cantonments, preparatory to the campaign of 1813, I applied to Lord Beresford to be transferred to another regiment, but was refused, and a certain number of officers being allowed leave of absence, I availed myself of that opportunity to proceed to Lisbon, in order to seek a personal interview with him; but I was so unwell that I was obliged to be carried into the boat which was to convey me down the Tagus. Our party consisted of a drunken English subaltern of the 20th Portuguese regiment, and two Cavalry officers. One of them was the most ineffable coxcomb I ever met with, and in our passage down the river it was not long before I got into a row with him; although I could not move from the recumbent position in which my weakness compelled me to lay. The Hussar soon let out that he had obtained leave to quit the d—d country, and that on his arrival in England he would leave the

service, which was not fit for a person who had the means of living in ease and independence at home. The hardships he had endured on service, from what I could collect, consisted in having been twice wet when on picquet, with a few minor inconveniences. I have never, before or since, met an English officer with whom I was more disgusted. At length he remarked that the army was a profession, which none but needy men he was convinced would follow. I told him, that there might be in the boat persons not very affluent, and yet who, I hoped, were influenced by higher and more soldier-like feelings. At all events he ought to be more cautious in attributing sordid motives to a class of men, whose finer feelings had not been deadened by personal indulgence into pure selfishness; and that I, for one, disclaimed him as a proper person to represent the feelings of the officers of the British army. He got into a great rage, pretended that he had not seen me before, but made some remarks which induced me to tell him, not to drive me to make an effort to get up, for if I did, I should most assuredly throw him overboard, and give him a taste of the Tagus, to add to his other grievances. At nightfall we made our boat fast opposite Chamusca. The three went on shore, to what they conceived would be

an inn, and I, when they were gone, sent to the billet-master for a billet for the night, and for the means of conveying me to my quarters. These he gave me, and I spent the night with a family who treated me very kindly and sent me back to my boat in the morning. The other three had passed the night in a wine shop, sleeping on benches, tormented with fleas and mosquitoes.

The Captain of Dragoons, with grey moustachios, appeared a gentlemanly sort of fellow, intent only on quaffing as much of the Hussar's champagne, as he, and the drunken subaltern of my regiment, could get under their jackets. He was the first in the boat, and inquired how I had passed the night. When I told him that I had slept on shore, and had a good supper, and a bed, he seemed surprised. However, it was evident that my row with the purse-proud coxcomb, his comrade, had destroyed the hilarity of the party, and I suppose that my illness had made me rather crabbed.

The Marshal received me in a most extraordinary manner, and commenced by asking me in a gruff way, "Who had given me leave to come to Lisbon?" to which I responded, "his Lordship;" he said, he did not recollect it; when I reminded him that a certain number of officers, having been

permitted leave of absence, I had availed myself of that permission. "Well, what do you want?" was his next inquiry, to which I replied, "I want to be transferred to any of the regiments which are to take the field with the army of operation." He expressed great surprise at my dreaming of such a thing, and said I only asked it, because I knew that my services were required with the 20th, where he pretended they were indispensable. I was getting rather angry, and informed his Lordship that this was the first instance I had ever known of any officer, who having made himself useful in his corps beyond his immediate duty, should have his *services*, on the supposition they were still indispensable, assigned as a reason for refusing a boon of such a trifling nature as the one I solicited: I was rather inclined to suppose that his Lordship must have received some reports to my prejudice, or unfavourable to my character. "You cannot conceive anything of the kind, sir," was his reply, "after the very handsome manner I spoke in General Orders, after the battle of Barrossa." "You did, my lord, and promised me promotion, and gave it to *one, my junior;* but as you have spoken of that General Order, I will waive any claim on *that* score, if your Lordship will transfer me to a

Caçadore Battalion." In a blustering manner, he said, "I find that there are too many English officers in the Caçadore Battalions, and in future I am determined there shall be none." "Perhaps, then, Marshal," I said, "you will permit me to leave the Portuguese service, and rejoin my British regiment." "No, Sir!" he replied, in a voice of thunder, "although the English officers are more trouble to me than the *whole* army put together, it is not a service you shall come dancing in and out of whenever you may think fit, as I will shew you." He was in a towering rage, and tried to bow me out of the room; but when near the door, I shifted the line of operations in a lateral direction, and seeing that I was not to be bullied, he said, "Very well, very well, rejoin your corps, I will see what can be done for you," and then I took my leave.

CHAPTER VII.

Table d'Hôte—Return to Abrantes—Transferred to the 5th Caçadores—Mafra—March to join the army—Tumult at Celerico, and valour of my French cook—Primitive habits of the Spaniards of Castile—Army in the Pyrennees—Basque Peasantry—Social Party—Anecdotes of Nuns.

For the short time I remained at Lisbon, I took up my quarter at an hotel on the Caes de Sodré, with the drunken sub I have before mentioned. He certainly set a very bad example to the regiment, and was not a favourable specimen of what an English officer, sent to organise the Portuguese, ought to be. He had been in the same regiment, a Captain, with Lieut.-Col. Prior, when the latter was only an ensign serving in Egypt, but had been dismissed the service for drunkenness. Prior told me he had repeatedly assisted in burying the captain in the sands, up to his chin, whenever they caught him drunk, and, in his altered circumstances, he could not prevail upon himself to treat his former captain as his conduct merited. Having a brother, a general

officer in the British Army, an ensigncy in the Portuguese service had been obtained for him, and subsequently a commission in the British service, but his intellect was gone; in other respects he was inoffensive—to me, however, he was a source of great annoyance. The people at the hotel could never get him to bed until I returned, and I generally used to lock him afterwards in his room, to prevent his getting up and annoying the landlady; but one night he proved rebellious, and I determined to be his jailer no longer, and accordingly next day left the house. In the sequel it will appear that he had been turned out after I was gone.

A few days after I met a friend of mine, a Deputy-Commissary-General. He told me he was about to return to Abrantes, in his six-oared barge, and offered me a passage, provided I did not bring my drunken comrade with me, and was punctual to the day named for his departure. To this, of course, I gladly assented, and we agreed on the eve of our departure to dine together at a new English table-d'hôte, just established. On entering the dining-room, a little before the hour appointed, who should we see but the obnoxious subaltern, already seated at table, and asleep, or rather dead drunk. I left the commissary to take

a place for us as far from him as possible, and in the meantime I went and questioned the landlady as to how long he had been there; what had become of his funds, about four or five hundred dollars, and requested to see his bill. To these interrogatories she replied, that he had been there three days, that she had taken from him about 150 dollars tied up in a handkerchief, and amongst the items of his bill I noticed no less than sixty glasses of grog! We thought ourselves fortunate in not being recognised, but towards the close of the dinner, two or three midshipmen or lieutenants of the fleet, then in the river, came into the room with an officer in an undress frock coat, who announced himself a Colonel of the Guards. I elbowed my friend, the commissary, to remark to him, how strange it was that he should, in a place of this kind, think it necessary to announce himself at all; and I thought it rather odd, when he replied, casting his eyes round the table, "Yes; and we have a queer set here altogether."

The soi-disant Colonel of the Guards passed along the length of the table to a small bed-room, where he had been told the purser of his ship was asleep, but he quickly returned with a volley of abuse of somebody, anybody, and everybody in the room. The cause of the uproar was this—

similarity of character and pursuit had united the purser and my drunken sub in a bond of good fellowship and convivial intercourse; the purser had retired to recline on the sub's bed, and being very drunk, and very sick, it would seem he had over-reached himself; and the sub, finding his bed with its occupant in such a filthy mess, had added thereunto the contents of another vessel, and converting the said vessel into a night-cap, or rather helmet, he had placed it on the unconscious sleeper's head, conceiving it to be very ornamental. It was this discovery which had excited the ire of the soi-disant colonel.

There was, of course, a great uproar, which awoke the delinquent to consciousness, when, attempting to rise from his chair, he declared that he had done it, and that he would throw the young gentleman out of the window if he made any more noise. How this was to be effected I do not know, for he could not stand, and sank into his chair again in a state of torpid stupidity. My friend, the commissary, begged of me not to meddle with them, but when pistols were called for and produced I could no longer remain silent, or stand by and see the unfortunate drunkard murdered, for he was expected to stand up and exchange shots with the so-called colonel,

across the table. I declared that the officer belonged to the same corps with myself, and that I could not permit him to fight in the state he was, but I would be answerable for his appearance on the morrow to give any satisfaction that might be considered necessary. "Who is that fellow who is thus interfering?" was the courteous remark of the soi-disant colonel; and when my friend the commissary gave my name and rank, he coolly remarked, "Oh, I don't care for him!"

This was no longer to be borne; I stretched myself across the table, and desired that one of the pistols might be given to me, telling him that I had already intimated that I would not permit the drunken man to handle a pistol in the state he then was in, and if the matter could not be deferred until the morrow, I should take his place. My opponent cooled down, and was now much more reasonable. I had given no offence, and he could not see why he should accept the alternative; all he wanted to know was, why and by what right I interfered? I replied, by much the same right that he had done so, and that was little enough. It was an affair between two drunken men, and they were the proper persons to settle it themselves; which would have been

done, no doubt, when they were sober, without the interference of anybody.

At the *table-d'hote* there certainly were present a number of extraordinary and ill-disposed fellows —officers of the army, who most of them were a disgrace to it. For reunions of these kind of people, Lisbon at that time was proverbial; and these scamps were disappointed that a greater row had not taken place. They tried hard to get my opponent to show more pluck, but it would not do; all they could get from him was an expression of readiness to try a regular stand-up fight with me. In the meantime the commissary rose from his seat, and went to examine the so-called colonel more minutely. Perceiving by the buttons on his coat that he belonged to his own department, he at once announced himself as Deputy-Commissary-General G——, in a very authoritative tone, and desired to know his name, when he arrived, and whether he had reported himself. Having obtained answers, in a very humbled tone, to these queries, in which it came out that he was a commissariat clerk only, the chief told him that he would make it his business to inform the head of the department of his conduct, in order to his being sent back to England; as people of his de-

scription had disgraced, and were still disgracing, the department.

The moment being favourable, we took our hats and retired, first of all calling the landlady to pay our bills. I requested her to get the drunken Anglo-Portuguese officer put to bed, and if the row was renewed, to be in readiness to send for the police. Poor woman! her house was full, but the widow knew little of the character of some of her customers—in a very few months she became a bankrupt.

When I arrived at Abrantes I found Marshal Beresford had thought no more of transferring me to a regiment with the Army of Operations, and no communication had been received from him by my commanding officer on the subject. I therefore wrote to Lieutenant-Colonel Prior a very strong letter, requesting him to express my desire of retiring from the Portuguese service; and at the concluding paragraph I said, "I trusted that neither the marshal nor himself would form a worse opinion of me for not choosing to serve under circumstances degrading to my character as an officer," alluding, of course, to my being required to serve under a junior officer, one who had been promoted over me during my absence, whilst serving on the staff. The marshal at this took

great offence. He ordered Prior to send for me, and give me a severe reprimand, for having made use of language highly improper from a junior officer to his commander-in-chief, in accusing him of requiring me to serve under circumstances degrading to my character as an officer. As I required no favour from his hands I was not at all satisfied, and I requested from Prior permission to address him again; but the Lieutenant-Colonel refused to forward a second letter, lest he should also fall under the Marshal's displeasure.

I had a slight acquaintance with General Mozinho, the Adjutant-General of the Portuguese army, so I determined to write direct to him, and I told him plainly, yet respectfully, that I neither sought or expected any favour at Lord Beresford's hands, but that I had determined upon quitting my regiment and the Portuguese service, unless I was removed to another corps, as I had demanded; it was a measure I regretted, and should enter upon with reluctance; I therefore hoped he would use his influence, and render this step unnecessary.

I was then gazetted to the 5th Caçadores, and was ordered to join the depôt at Mafra. It was fortunate that I was not permitted to retire from the Portuguese service, for I should not have ob-

tained my company in the 91st regiment for several years afterwards; as it was, I got my company the following year.

Shortly after the arrival of the regiment at Abrantes, and before I went on leave, I met with a number of French prisoners coming from Spain, and escorted by a guard of Ordanancas (peasantry). These poor fellows appeared to be in a miserable condition, and I inquired, as they passed, if they had a good cook amongst them, when there was a general cry for Auguste, a tall, thin-looking fellow, with his arm in a sling. I asked him whether he wished to enter my service, and if so, what were his terms? "Oh! sir," was his earnest reply, "remove me only from the condition I am now in, and I will serve you for nothing, with a hearty good will." It was against orders to take prisoners of war as servants, but as his escort made no opposition, I took him away with me.

I found Auguste a faithful, amusing fellow. He had been trumpeter in a French Dragoon regiment, until taken prisoner by some Spanish Guerillas, on which occasion they had hacked him a good deal, and disabled his left arm, since when, until the day I took him into my service, he had been in the most deplorable misery. In Spain (before being taken prisoner by the Guerillas), he

had been cook to a General Officer, and from his account, the families, on whom his master was billeted, were always made to furnish and keep the General's table. This habit had become so inveterate with Auguste that I frequently had occasion, when afterwards marching through Spain, on observing things not charged in his account, and consequently not paid for, to remonstrate with him. He had also served in the campaign in Germany, under Napoleon. His stories amused me greatly, and he was ever delighted when called upon to communicate them; but, like most story-tellers, he always required his whistle wetted with a little wine at commencing, nor was he slow to repeat the excitement when permitted. Altogether he was a most amusing vagabond, and always faithful to me, although my friends prophesied he would play me some trick whenever he might have an opportunity of escaping to France.

Before leaving Abrantes, I had an opportunity of witnessing the system of attack and defence in use with the double-handed stick, as practised by a class of men on the banks of the Tagus. I had been assured that the best single-stick men, Irish as well as English, had been tried, and stood no chance against them, and am of opinion that this is the most formidable weapon I have ever

met with. Two or three men would clear a fair in no time, unless missiles, such as a shot from a pistol, or brick bats, were brought against them. The paa or stick is generally a little longer than the person using it is tall. It is of crab tree, quince, or any other tough heavy wood, as nearly equal in circumference throughout as the stick can be procured with this quality. In the hands of the country people about Villa Franca it appears as a long, and a rather graceful walking-stick, such as I have since noticed in use in many mountainous districts in Europe. When used as a weapon it is held with both hands, nearly in the centre; but to give greater effect to the blow, the off hand, or that furthest from the end which delivers the blow, is slid down; it is then used as if it was a double-handed sword.

As an illustration, suppose the blow is directed against the left cheek, as I have described, and this has been parried, before a second defence can be made, or a counter blow thought of, the right shin will have been assailed with the other end of the weapon, the hands being slid down for that purpose. The right foot being withdrawn, the player is placed either beyond the reach of his adversary, or in a position to give point. Although both ends of the stick are blunt, it would infallibly

run any man through the body, who was not cased in armour. In my opinion, neither the foil nor broad-sword could withstand this weapon in the hands of an active man. Both ends of the stick being in movement in the assault, it is impossible to tell where the blow will fall, or an opening be discovered at sufficiently close quarters for either the quarter-staff or sword to act upon.

This double-handed stick can only be guarded against by a similar weapon. The act of parrying a blow made on the left cheek leaves the other end in a position to guard your own left leg, or assail the right leg of your adversary, and so on in similar cases.

When proceeding to join the depôt of the Portuguese army at Mafra, on arriving at Lisbon I there found an old brother officer, Captain Marley, of the Buffs, who was about to join his regiment, and as he was very anxious that we should traverse Spain and Portugal together, he agreed to accompany me to Mafra, and see if, by uniting his request to mine, General Blunt could be prevailed upon to permit me to accompany him to join the army, without waiting for recruits.

Our old Lieutenant-Colonel, General Blunt, was easily persuaded to allow me to go, as I was as much a favourite with him as my uncle, the second

Lieutenant-Colonel, when we were serving together, had been the contrary; and after spending a day at the depôt, we commenced our journey, and a more amusing one I never undertook.

My friend Marley was mischief and fun personified. It was he who used to instigate me to stop chimneys, &c., &c., when I first joined the regiment. No Indian juggler could have been more careful in supplying himself with the implements of his art than he had been during his stay at Lisbon in providing articles for playing off his tricks with the peasantry. Being an excellent linguist, aided by my cook, Auguste, there was no description of devilry they did not practice, particularly on the women, with whom he was a favourite. If he made some of them for the moment very angry, they would generally join in the laugh themselves at his ludicrous absurdities. I never saw a fellow with such a command of countenance. I am, however, sorry to say that we reaped more fun than credit to ourselves; his jokes being of such a nature as to make one laugh at the time, but they are not exactly suited to the pen of a sexagenarian.

On our march through Portugal we picked up a soldier of the Buffs, an Irishman, who could scarcely speak a word of English, and although

Marley was himself an Irishman, he had not sufficient knowledge of Irish to make him out. It would seem that he had, when the regiment was on the line of march, been separated from it without any intention of deserting, and had been wandering about the country ever since, until he met with us on the present occasion.

At Celerico our party met with an adventure which might have proved fatal to us all. A general hospital for the British had been established in that town, but was broken up a short time before our arrival. I believe the conduct of some of the troops towards the inhabitants had been very atrocious. The whole neighbourhood in consequence was ready to wreak their vengeance on any small party which might fall in their way, without even waiting for the commission of any irregularity.

The Juisz de Fora, or principal magistrate of the town, had in the morning been very civil, and had lent me some Portuguese newspapers, in order that we might learn where our regiments were stationed; but he had been obliged to leave the village in the course of the day on some particular business. I called on Marley at his billet to tell him what I had learned, when he complained that his landlord and landlady had been very uncivil to

him—that they had put him into a room without any furniture, or bed; and when I spoke to them, they told me that I should find the same accommodation, or rather want of accommodation, in any house in the town. To ascertain if this was true, Marley and myself went to my billet, where I had not been since the morning, when Auguste told me he had never met with such uncivil people in his life, and that he had been at a great deal of trouble to get from them a chair and table.

As my landlord had the character of being a rich Jew, or as they were termed in that country, *new Christians*—for they were obliged to put on the semblance of such, and, in addition, called himself a fidalgo—Marley and myself sent our compliments to say that we wished to speak to him. As he was not within, the landlady said we might speak to her, if we wished it, as she was in an adjoining room near the kitchen. She seemed to be aware of what I wanted, for she immediately commenced, in an angry tone, to tell me she was not bound to give me a bed, or anything else. I knew that she alluded to an order of Lord Wellington, which, by the bye, caused more altercation and dispute between the troops and the inhabitants than ever there was before

legislation was attempted in these affairs. I told her to tranquillize herself, as the matter was not worth disputing about; I had a bed of my own, but, not to unpack it, I had come to ask her to let me have one, as a favour—an act of civility which we had received everywhere else. After a little more palaver the lady softened, and said she had no objection to give me a bed, provided her husband permitted her. She accordingly sent her servant to call him, and we remained chatting with her at the door-way of our servant's room until he came.

The Fidalgo, as he called himself, rushed into the room (we had our backs towards him), exclaiming, "How dare you violate the sanctuary of my house?" at the same time pushing us rudely aside, before we were aware of his presence. He was then about to strike Marley, who was preparing to retaliate with a blow which would have annihilated his nobility; but I seized Marley and held him back, and addressing myself to the landlord, I asked him how he dared to treat officers in that manner, calling him, at the same time, "Mariolo," a very contemptuous term in Portuguese, but which really only signifies a porter or low fellow. The women by this time were screaming in every direction, when he retired, saying,

"I will soon shew you whether or no I am a 'Mariolo.'" His man quickly returned to tell us not to pay any attention to what his master had done: he was very passionate, and he had no doubt would cool when he had time to reflect. In the meantime, the scoundrel having observed the Irish soldier's musket and bayonet, contrived to possess himself of the latter without our perceiving it; and Marley and myself were talking over the strange scene we had just witnessed, when we were surprised at hearing a great noise in the streets, and a crowd of people coming towards the house.

I saw their object, and immediately sent down Auguste to close the street door, and make it fast, and we directly commenced to arm ourselves. Being in my own quarters, I insisted on taking the command; it was the more necessary, as Marley was such a hot-headed fellow I could not trust him. We now found the bayonet was gone, but we got a couple of Auguste's carving-knives, and with my sword and a chair which Marley held, either to use as shield or a weapon of offence, we prepared for the worst. The mob commenced by trying to force open the street door; and as it was evident they would succeed in doing so, I left my room, and we took post at the head of the

staircase. The little Irish soldier had loaded his musket when he found the bayonet was gone, and he stood firmly by my side, with Marley immediately behind us; but Auguste was nowhere to be found: he proved to be an arrant coward; but his cowardice saved us.

The populace soon succeeded in forcing open the street door; the stone staircase was straight, steep, and narrow. At the head of the people, as they ascended, was a little man, armed with a piece of timber, such as they use for barring doors or windows. He seemed anxious to strike me, but he was afraid to come near enough, and seemed to think that grimaces and a menacing attitude would make us quit our position. In return I could not resist making faces at him, and begged he would come on; but he did not like the appearance of the pointed knife and sword. At last those below called out, "Down with that Portuguese," for I was in uniform, "Avança," "Avança" (on, on), and the pressure from below was forcing him upon me. I then brandished my sword, struck it against the wall, and my adversary, thinking he was a dead man, fainted and fell down over the crowd below, with the heavy and unwieldly piece of timber also, and in the general panic "sauve qui peut," not a few received very

very *serious injuries*, for they all imagined I had run the man through the body. At length, after treading one another down under foot, the mob succeeded in getting through the door again into the street, which we immediately closed after them. The hero with the staff like a weaver's beam was found not to have been touched, and the mob were determined to try another assault; but when they were again about to force open the street door, a party of armed Ordinancas with the magistrate's deputy arrived, and ordered them to stay proceedings. He arrived at a very critical moment, for I had told Marley to keep watch and guard over the door, where the master of the house had previously entered. I was afraid a part of the mob might try to come in upon us by the back way. Marley at his quarters had more servants than I had, and his party was well armed, but we could not communicate with them, and it turned out that they were in perfect ignorance of what was going on.

A clerk, or writer, with others, now entered our room, as he told me, to take depositions, several of the people having been hurt. Seeing the servant of the house in the room, as a primary step, I insisted on his giving up the bayonet which he had taken from our party. The evidence this

fellow gave on oath was a tissue of the most audacious lies I ever heard. He, however, contradicted himself and the other witnesses in a most edifying manner; still the writer seemed determined to make out a case against us. I asked permission to cross-question the evidence and to be heard myself, but he told me this could not be done in taking these depositions, as I was the party complained against.

There were several people in the room who seemed indignant at the treatment we were receiving, and one more particularly so; I took this man into a corner of the room and narrated to him the affair, as it had actually occurred. He said, "I thought as much from my previous knowledge of the parties," and he willingly agreed to write a letter for me, if I would dictate it, to the Adjutant-General.

It was not only against the misconduct of the mob I complained, but of the conduct of the scrivâo, or writer, in withholding the entire facts and evidence; and I more particularly deprecated his partiality and injustice, as being at variance with every principle of common humanity. He was silenced on finding I could take my own part, and said it was not against me, but against the English officer that he was taking the depositions. I saw

he merely wanted money, and told him to go to a certain region, and take his depositions with him.

Another difficulty now arose. The mob had released two baggage mules the Juiz de Fora had given me in exchange for others, and the writer wanted us to leave the town early the following morning. I declared that I would not stir until the mules were restored, or two better ones provided for me, and that it was my intention to hoist a triumphant flag on the baggage, to show the mob my contempt for them. He said we should have everything we wanted if I would forego the banner, as it might otherwise give rise to fresh disturbance on our leaving. To this I agreed, on condition that the mules were brought back immediately.

Auguste, it would seem, on the commencement of the tumult, thought things were going on badly, and endeavoured to make his escape at the back part of the premises, but here he was met by the women, who actually bit off a joint from one of his fingers before he could make his way through them. Once safe, he had the presence of mind to run to the magistrate's office, where he had been with me in the morning. From this circumstance alone, it would not be fair to infer

that Auguste was such an arrant coward, but his conduct the following morning, until we got clear of the town, shewed what a fright he was in. To fortify his courage he had taken an overdose of wine, and when the mob, which followed us out of the town, separated to return, his valour rose to such an extent, that in trying to pull up a stake on the banks of a stream we were passing, in order to shew us how he would deal with all the vagabonds in the country, unfortunately he tumbled over, and got a complete ducking before he could be extricated. Marley used to jeer him afterwards a good deal, and ask him, if in his campaigns in Germany, under the great Emperor, he ever encountered so much danger as at the Battle of Celerico.

Traversing Castile, I was much struck with the primitive manners of the inhabitants. The country through which I passed was very flat, and without wood; and at each village was an open space where the several farmers were occupied in thrashing out their crops. For this purpose a number of mares, or mules, were yoked abreast to a sledge, the under surface of which was studded with small, sharp stones, with the view of chopping the straw for fodder, which, with threshing the wheat, appeared a simultaneous operation. The horses also

were shod, and the shoes made to cut in a similar way. The close-boarded sledges were also weighted, and the driver whisked his horses round at a smart pace. This work must be very hard for the poor animals, as they generally sank up to their knees whilst going round.

Winnowing machines were unknown, and the process of separating the corn from the chaff and straw was performed by the sieve and hand. The sight of so many farming establishments working together on so many small circles made the scene very cheerful.

The exterior of their houses presented a wretched appearance. They are built of mud, and very low; but on entering them we were surprised to find ourselves in large, airy rooms, rather dark, but well whitewashed, with a profusion of plates and glittering pots and kettles, which for cleanliness would have done credit to any house in the Netherlands. On the different shelves I also observed a number of clay pipkins as water-coolers. These were stuck with small white stones, fantastically distributed in divers arabesques and other figures. In some districts these earthen pipkins, or coolers, impart a very agreeable scent and flavour to the cold water. Stubble seemed to me the principal fuel in use for cooking. They

may be said never to have more than one dish, the *olla podrida*, which is composed of everything they can lay their hands on, stewed together—game, mutton, beef, sausages, vegetables, &c., &c.; and although a partridge may fall to your share, a piece of beef would taste just the same, the whole being stewed down together. It is a greasy mess, and shows that the Spaniards are very indifferent cooks. Master and man fare alike, and dine at the same table (where tables are in use); nor could I distinguish the advantage of being the head of the family, or owner of the farm, since they all labour alike. The charge and responsibility are repaid by the lady dressing a little finer, and the master may perhaps wear cloth of a better quality than his servants. They all dress in brown saragoça, the cloth of the country. At breakfast, however, the treatment is a little different. A small cup of thick chocolate constitutes the meal of the master and mistress, and gaspatcho that of the servants. This mess is composed of vinegar, olive-oil, salt, with red pepper and garlic heated in a frying-pan, and in this thin slices of bread are soaked. I have often tasted it, and although a strange compound to the eye, to the palate it is not so bad. In some districts they had no tables, but sat in pairs, *vis-à-vis*, on short

benches, always very clean, and well scoured. The mud walls of the houses being very thick, in summer they could always be kept cool; and the curtiles, or farm-yards and offices, are in general well arranged.

At the period of which I am writing (1813), there were no public conveyances in Spain, the inhabitants generally rode on mules; and it often struck me that no people were so independent of other nations, or their colonies, for luxuries. Their habits are simple, and all they seemed to require was chocolate, some medicines, and tobacco. They could have grown the latter themselves had they been permitted. Their rude knives and wooden forks and spoons were all manufactured in the country.

Whenever I travelled in Spain, or even in Portugal, unaccompanied by any of my countrymen, my muleteers always dined with me at the same table, and I used to encourage them to chat and be communicative. It was nothing more than what the Spanish and Portuguese gentry, their priests and monks did themselves, as I found whenever I met them at the same resting places. The muleteers take you to what houses they please, and you pay and provide their dinner and supper. If you stood aloof you would starve; and where

little variety is to be had, the choicest morsels are for the muleteer in return for his patronage, whilst you dine at a different hour on whatever the landlord may have remaining, or he may think proper to give you. And here let me add how very different I ever found the conduct of these men from what I should have experienced from a similar class in England.

Without fawning or servility, they were cheerful, animated, and at home. The confederacy always turned to the disadvantage of the landlord, who was now obliged to give a full equivalent for your outlay. On the roadside I always found the muleteers most amusing and companionable fellows, who would not presume beyond the limits you were disposed to grant them, and experiencing this treatment from a foreigner, they always seemed more flattered by it.

When we at length arrived at Vittoria, I could not prevail upon my friend Marley to proceed. The attractions of the gaming houses there were too much for him, so he remained behind to recruit his finances. (Query? to spend all he had.) As our regiments were in different positions, we could not have travelled more than two or three days longer together. I was, therefore, more re-

conciled, though I could not but feel regret at parting with him.

I joined the 5th Caçadores in the Basque Pyrennees. They were on bivouac in the heights of Lasacca, and commanded by Major Hill, commonly called Jack Hill, to distinguish him from two others of the same name in the Portuguese service. There was one other English officer in the battalion besides myself, viz. :—Captain Dobbs, from the 52nd regiment. Dobbs and myself continued to live together as long as I remained with this battalion.

Hill was a most extraordinary character, from the 23rd or Welch Fusileers. He was accustomed to take wine very freely after dinner, and would then amuse us with the never-failing theme of the comparative merits, as leaders of armies, of Moses, Alexander, Bonaparte, and Wellington, but he always gave the palm to the Jewish leader, with whose camp regulations he seemed greatly enamoured. Hill was wont to attribute a great deal of the sickness in modern armies to epidemics, occasioned by the effluvia arising from reservoirs for filth, ordered to be constructed in our camps, and cited the 23rd chapter of Deuteronomy, 13th verse, as a far preferable sanatory regulation. Thinking he was not serious, but only trying to

pass off a joke on a new-comer, I told him I did not conceive Moses deserved the credit of the discovery, since it had been the practice of the whole family of cats from the creation. "Ah!" he replied, "Puss does it from instinct, but our leaders ought to be governed by more rational motives. You see that abattis," he said; "I have this day had it constructed to keep off our Brigadier, who is always finding fault with our bivouac, he will be here soon, and to-day I will have him on the hip." In fact it was not long ere General T. Bradford, with his aide-de-camp, made his appearance. Finding he could not penetrate the Major's *sanctum*, he began to call for him most lustily; while the Major, pretending not to hear, continued rubbing his hands together in great glee, until an orderly arrived, requiring his immediate attendance. The poor Major was obliged to remove his abattis the next morning.

Shortly after my arrival Hill was promoted, but as Marshal Beresford did not choose to give him a command, he was appointed Lieut.-Colonel to an infantry corps, where there was a Colonel; and Lieut.-Colonel St. Clair, on joining, succeeded to the command of the Caçadore battalion.

From Marshal Beresford having so long delayed my removal from the 20th Regiment, I missed

being present at the battle of Vittoria, and the siege of St. Sebastian. I was, however, senior Captain in my present corps, and St. Clair accordingly appointed me to do duty as Major.

The weather was very wet and cold in our first bivouac, and being roofed with heather, instead of rushes or straw, it may be supposed the thatch was not impervious to the rain. Still our hut seemed an enviable one, for latterly we had contrived to build up the gable-end with turf and mud for a fire-place, and had discovered some tiles at a neighbouring building. These were found sufficient to cover our two sleeping places, on each side of the fire; but after making everything snug, we had a heavy storm of rain on the following night which put our fire out, while the wind blew away our tiles and roof.

Being still an invalid, and ordered to keep myself from getting wet, I confess that I expected to finish my career in the mountains, if I remained here much longer. I afterwards found that my health had not been affected by this rough treatment, and we got into better quarters. Being of rather a sluggish temperament, I have always found exciting adventure and active employment, when forced to engage in them, agree with me

better than being left to repose and my own resources.

A report came in one day that a number of our bât-men, when out seeking fodder for the horses, had been taken prisoners by the peasantry of a remote village in the mountains. One of them alone escaped, and he said that one of his comrades had been shot. I was ordered by the General to take a hundred men, and inquire into the circumstances, to see if I could procure their release. The man who had effected his escape, was to act as guide, and I was directed to make as great a show with my detachment as possible, in order to deter the peasantry from attempting any resistance.

A few miles from our bivouac we passed a large iron foundry. Beyond it the mountain road was narrow and very bad. About two miles from the village, where our men were said to be in confinement, I observed a Basque peasant seated on a rock, which had a commanding view of the road by which we were advancing. It was evident the man had been placed there on the look out, for the moment he saw me, off he went, as fast as he could, in the direction of the village. Although I pursued as quickly as my horse could carry me, I could not overtake him, or prevent his informing the inhabitants of our approach.

A number of respectable, well dressed Basques, with the priest at their head, were waiting in a great fright to receive us. The account which his reverence gave of the affair was as follows:—When the foraging party arrived they might have taken any forage they wanted, but the men commenced plundering the gardens of fruit and vegetables, and on being remonstrated with, one of them pointed his rifle at an inhabitant, who sprung at the soldier to snatch it from his hand, when the rifle unfortunately went off, and the soldier was killed. An unusual number of peasantry were assembled, from its being the day appointed to proclaim the Constitution amid general rejoicing. They had no difficulty in making the remainder of the party prisoners, when they saw the accident which had occurred, but afterwards discovered that one man had made his escape.

The party, he said, had been well fed and kindly treated, since their detention; he had sent for them that I might have an opportunity of questioning them, when I found the Padre's statement, in every particular, correct. I asked him why he had not sent a messenger to the General, with a report of the occurrence? He replied, "They had not thought of it."

The village, beautifully situated, was a complete

oasis in the desert, and the most remarkable thing was, how the men discovered it at such a distance, as the name of the village was not laid down on our best maps, but our Caçadores had remarkable tact in discovering such places.

Our brigade, at the passage of the Bidassoa, followed in the wake of a brigade of the Light Division, and in the attack of the heights, which were covered with short breastworks, and crowned with a redoubt, it seemed next to impossible to dislodge the enemy. Nevertheless, the 52nd Regiment, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Colborne, performed this service with all the regularity of a field-day, and from what I saw of it from the heights, where the 5th Caçadores were stationed to support them, they did not appear to have lost a single man. We afterwards followed over the same ground, and in the redoubt was found a number of prisoners, some of whom were badly wounded. One of them was furious at the remarks made by his comrades, who were evidently conscripts, recently caught. They seemed nothing sorrowful at their present position, saying, they wished us success, as there could be no peace or happiness for France, whilst Bonaparte was allowed to sit on the throne. A wounded man was lying on his back, and trying

to prevent their being heard, by calling out incessantly, "Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Empereur!"

We were subsequently quartered in the straggling village of Bidarte. A cottage was given to my company, officers and all included. I placed the men in the loft (a very capacious one,) and the lieutenant pitched a bell tent he had, in the room, on the ground floor, at the entrance. This was a necessary measure, for the flooring of the loft was indifferent, and in consequence, a great deal of dust and dirt came through. I occupied a very small bed-room, which fortunately had a stucco roof, and the family, consisting of the owner (an old bricklayer), his wife and two daughters, restricted their quarters to the kitchen and the back part of the premises, with the exception of the dinner hour when we all assembled round the kitchen fire.

The bricklayer's family were like himself, short in person, and blessed with very long noses. They could none of them speak a word of French or Spanish, with the exception of the old man, who had learned a few words of French. They were frequently visited by a very fine, light-haired girl, remarkably tall, and beautifully formed. She was the daughter of the head man of the village,

a rich farmer, and whenever her father or brother (both splendid looking fellows) were absent, she used to come and sleep with the bricklayer's pigmy daughters.

Our Lieut.-Colonel was quartered in her father's house, and I suspect his servants were rather troublesome guests. She understood French, but always spoke the Basque language, which the bricklayer's wife and daughters were indefatigable in their endeavours to teach me.

My Portuguese subaltern was an excellent fellow with a variety of acquirements; he was a first rate extempore player on the flute, and could accompany from ear in a most off-hand manner, without knowing a single note of music, or being able to distinguish one note from another. Amongst his other accomplishments he could make a capital brew of punch, and drink it with gusto! He was a connoisseur in preparing hot mulled wine, egg flip, and other agreeable compounds, of which the ladies would each take a wine glass, whilst the old gentleman would take at least a dozen large ones, if he could get them. At his third glass the wife would lift up her hands and look at me imploringly, or sometimes when I put my hand to stay the lieutenant from giving him any more, he would suspect whence

the suggestion originated, and turning round on the women, a war of words would ensue, in which the younger ladies would join, and the noise became quite deafening. However, the little man was a most ferocious tyrant in his way, and would sometimes get so savage with his wife and daughters, for being instrumental in getting his grog stopped, that he would order them all to bed, a command they dared not disobey. Of a truth, our grog brewer was but too fond of making the old man drunk.

The lieutenant of my company was a native of Setubal, called by the English, I don't know why, St. Ubes, where his family still resided. His townsmen, he said, believed it to be the oldest town in the world, having been founded long before the Flood, by Jubal, the son of Cain! from whom it derived its name. But the most extraordinary story he used to relate was, of his having been entrapped in a nunnery, and detained two days and a half by the sisterhood.

He had an aunt in the convent, whom as a child he had frequently visited, and was consequently a good deal noticed, and knew most of the nuns. When about sixteen he was appointed a cadet in the infantry regiment stationed there, and on repeating his visit to the convent after-

wards (not to see his aunt, for he had contracted a more agreeable intimacy with another nun), he was at length detected by one of the younger sisters. When leaving the nunnery by an underground corridor, conducted by his mistress, they were met by this nun, who inquired of the sister the name of her companion? She was told it was her maid. The lover, who had a cloak over his head, being fearful of detection rushed forward; but the malicious nun ran after him, and insisted upon removing the cloak from his face; a recognition ensued, and he was detained, for they threatened to call for assistance and expose him to his aunt. After reading him a good lecture on the danger and impropriety of his situation, which he did not require, for he was in the greatest fright without it; he was told he should be pardoned this time, but now that he was there he must sup with them. It was in vain that he argued the necessity of his attending parade, for he was required to carry one of the colours of the regiment at a grand procession the following morning. She, however, would not allow him to go, but obliged him to return to her apartment, or cell. The two nuns, and both their servant-girls, were all good looking, and later, an elderly nun joined the party, which might have been

pleasant enough if his fright would have allowed him to enjoy their society. The nun he had come to see was the first to retire, and her whole conduct convinced him that she had entered into the conspiracy to detain him, although she affected to deplore the misfortune of his having been discovered; but he saw no more of her during his detention. The others of the party all seemed determined that they should not have the power of impeaching one another. Although they frequently collected together to urge on him their hospitality, and try and calm his fright, yet he was generally left alone with the second nun or her maid, until a more ancient sister subsequently joined the party, much to his disgust, and on her account he was detained until they became alarmed by his falling seriously ill.

The family had given him up as lost; however, he contrived to hatch up a story that he had been ill after a long walk in the country, and had been taken to a labourer's cottage, whence he was only that night able to return; being now confined to his bed, he was believed, his illness seeming to corroborate his statement. After the second or third day, a present of cordial wines and sweetmeats arrived from the nunnery, with a note, purporting to be from his aunt, to inquire

after his health; his father took the note, and approaching the bedside to deliver it to him, said, "See how kind your aunt is," at the same time breaking the seal, when he observed that the handwriting was not that of his sister, and the commencing expressions certainly not those of an aunt addressing her nephew. He then flew at his sick son like a tiger, and would have annihilated him, but for the timely interference of an elder brother. The father never went again to see his sister; although, I suppose, he made her acquainted with the cause of his inveterate dislike to nuns ever afterwards.

From similar stories I have heard on other occasions, I am inclined to believe that the unnatural state of a number of young women huddled together as they are in a convent, although secluded from the world, does not always alter their temperament; rather it is like a ship on fire, with the hatches battened down to exclude the air. The moment the hatches are opened the flame bursts forth with uncontrolable energy, and ravages all within its influence.

With one of my Caçadores I found it somewhat difficult to maintain my authority. The Colonel was absent, and on one occasion the Caçadore was exceedingly insubordinate and insolent.

As I had no other means of punishing him, I could not resist the temptation of belabouring him.

The following morning, meeting with an old officer of the regiment, he said, "I hear you have thrashed ——. You have done wrong, he is the greatest villain in the battalion, and he will try to shoot you the first opportunity." He did not do so; but in the sequel, it will appear that he was the cause of my being wounded, and very nearly taken prisoner.

Some days after this, we made a reconnaissance of the fortified camp near Bayonne; and at night, when the troops retired to their cantonments, the 5th Caçadores were ordered to cover the retreat. The weather had been very wet, and some sapient chief had ordered our men an extra ration of grog before starting; the consequence was that one half of them were drunk. It was found difficult to keep the men together; the night was dark, and the road exceedingly slippery, so I was ordered to the rear, with instructions not to leave a man behind. Finding, from the condition of the men, that I could do nothing, I told the officer, commanding the rear company, to order his sergeants to the rear of the column to assist me; he did so, but none of them came. I then asked him if I was to take this as a sample of the state of discipline in the

company ; when he immediately ran forward and an altercation ensued amongst them, in which I could plainly hear it said "that the officer ought not to obey me," and "that I had no right to interfere with the company." I immediately ordered silence, and told them if they did not obey their own officer, they would find that I would make them obey me.

One of the sergeants then turned round upon the officer, and said, "Let him alone; he will find it more difficult to do than to say," and they all began to sing.

I listened awhile among the songsters, until I thought I could distinguish the voice that had dared me; when I seized the man by the collar, and turning him round asked him how he dared to sing, when I was addressing him. He told me, Colonel M'Creagh (the officer who had previously commanded the battalion,) had always liked to see the men merry on the line of march. "Yes," I replied, "and I like to be obeyed," giving him, at the same time, a tap between the eyes that sent him reeling to the opposite side of the road. My friend was a pet in the corps, and being of good family, was a nondescript between a sergeant and a cadet; he was also a sort of second sergeant-major. He attempted to close with me, and I had hurt my right hand in the first rencontre; so

pretending to hit him again with the same hand, he parried it, when I delivered a blow with my left on his temple, which to my horror caused him to fall forward, to all appearance dead.

There was plenty of water on the road, and by opening his shirt collar he was soon got round. When sufficiently recovered, he said, "I think, sir, you might have placed me under arrest, instead of treating me in this manner." I replied, he and the other sergeants had better look after their men and regain the ground they had lost, or I should certainly serve him again in the same manner.

I never saw men conduct themselves better, or behave more respectfully during the remainder of that night's march. It is a curious circumstance which I have also heard others remark, that the Portuguese soldiery always like to try their officers to see what lengths they can go with them. With me, ever afterwards, I received the same ready and prompt obedience, as if I was really the major of the regiment.

The next morning we were under arms, a little before day-break, when the sergeant made his appearance, with his face much swollen and covered with blood. The colonel, observing it, asked him what was the matter; when he told him he had

been thus treated by the new English captain. St. Clair was very angry at seeing his favourite thus disfigured; but I told him I had been dared, and the men were so insolent, I had no alternative but to be firm, and shew that I would be obeyed and see the orders he had given me executed.

Our Portuguese soldiers had a great dislike to and contempt for the Spanish troops. I witnessed, some time before, an extraordinary instance of this. There had been some skirmishing with the enemy, and our Caçadores had been halted on the spur of a mountain in the Pyrenees, with a battalion of Spanish infantry halted in a similar manner immediately underneath. Below these again, in a valley, through which a stream meandered, there was a considerable sized village on our side of the stream, in possession of some Spanish regiment of Longa's division. For the enemy to approach the village, it was necessary for them to pass the stream by a wooden bridge, which admitted only one person at a time. The Spanish troops were halted in an open space, forming two sides of a square, the village being interposed between them and the enemy, and the Spaniards appeared to have thrown out no videttes or sentries, but were reposing in perfect security.

A marauding party of about forty men, from the French side, were seen to pass the brook. Both the Portuguese and Spanish battalions sprang on their feet in breathless anxiety to see what would be the result; for it was evident, that should the French be vigorously pushed, they would not be able on such a ricketty bridge to recross the stream. The French were not aware of the vicinity of Longa's division, and they therefore dispersed and spread through the village in search of plunder. Six of these marauders came suddenly and unexpectedly on the Spanish troops; but instead of retiring before so large a force, the six men drew up deliberately in line and fired right into them. Such of the Spaniards as were not asleep, took to their heels and fled; and the marauders lost no time in regaining the bridge while the panic they had caused prevented their being pursued. The Portuguese Caçadores now took off their caps, and commenced a grand chorus, singing the Spanish Patriotic song, "Vivan los Espanoles valerosos Compaueros." The rage of the Spanish battalion below knew no bounds, and amounted almost to frenzy. They screeched and shook their fists at our people, which

produced in return a roar of laughter, followed by a fresh chorus of "Vivan los Espanoles valerosos Companeros," until we were obliged to order them to desist from their ironical praises, and the Spanish battalion moved away.

CHAPTER VIII.

Affair at the Mayor's house, 10th Nov. 1813—I am wounded and narrowly escape being taken prisoner—The Caçadores suffer further loss—Visit from Major-General Sir J. Bradford—Promotion—Kindness of the inhabitants—Wreck of gun-boats—Pontoons—Rocket practice—Investment of Bayonne—Brunswick Œls Riflemen—Post of 5th Caçadores during the siége—Removed to command the 6th Caçadores—Conduct of its officers—Colonel Hardinge in command of the Brigade—Quarters and deputy-quarter general.

On the morning after the reconnaissance of the French camp before-mentioned, we again fell in very early, and I was ordered with three companies (half the battalion) to march beyond the Mayor's house, on the St. Jean de Luz and Bayonne road, to relieve a picquet of one of the infantry regiments of our brigade. Arriving at the ground, after a little search, I found the picquet, which was commanded by a son of my old Portuguese major's wife (of the 20th) by a former marriage.

He told us he had received no orders during the whole time he had been there, had thrown

out no sentries, nor had he seen any enemy; neither did he know anything of the ground; but he believed none of our troops were in his front, and consequently, that his was the advanced party.

Leaving my men with him, I rode my mule to take a survey of the ground, and to select a place where I might post my picquet. I never met with ground more intricate; continuity of the line of defence was nowhere to be found, and the position could be approached by an enemy unperceived at several points. I ultimately selected a coppice at some distance in front of the Mayor's house, connecting this post, across a sunken narrow road to the right (by which an enemy might advance unperceived), with an orchard. The trees formed but indifferent shelter for my men, yet the coppice I could have held against any force; and the ground in its front being a meadow, lay completely exposed to the fire of my men from the coppice, to the left of which ran the high road to Bayonne from St. Jean de Luz.

I could not inform the officer I had relieved where his regiment was; I knew, however, that it had marched that morning, so he decided upon remaining where he was until he received further orders.

I had assigned each man his post, and explained to him what was to be done. About half an hour afterwards we heard a firing of musketry to our front, when a number of our men were driven in; a perfect rabble, composed of almost all the regiments in the division—Portuguese and English. It was now evident that we were not the advance. One officer was very conspicuous, and on seeing my men he commenced calling out "Advance, advance" in Portuguese. I afterwards understood it to be Major O'Hara of one of the Caçadore batallions, and wished him at the devil, for I had no desire to mix my men up with such a rabble for no useful purpose. I tried all I could do to keep my men where they were, but they would go on; and, leaving their strong post in the coppice, I was obliged to follow. We drove the trifling force of the enemy opposed to us back; but my men had straggled a good deal, so I got to those who were most advanced and halted them, until I could collect my picquet again. My attention was then called by one of the party to a field in our immediate front where the enemy were assembling a large force and preparing for a general attack. Our party had not been perceived by them, and I was preparing to draw off my men

to their old position, when the fellow I had thrashed some days before with a stick made his appearance, and finding the party halted, said—"What, captain, are you brought to a stand still?" I put my finger to my mouth to impose silence, and pointed with the other hand over the embanked hedge, to show him the cause; he replied—"Oh! that's nothing;" and scrambling up the bank, he commenced shouting and vociferating so much, that a force was immediately sent to dislodge us. Before the enemy could conveniently get at us, they had to pass by our right through some brushwood, consequently we could only see them from their waists upwards. They wore grenadier caps, and in my opinion were grenadiers, but the men insisted that they were cavalry; and the Caçadores having a particular dread of this arm of the service, they all scampered off together. I wanted to get myself and party back into the coppice, but the ditch with the bank was so slippery and steep that it was quite impossible.

We were now pent up in a corner of the meadow with no outlet for escape, but through a gap bordering the high road at the corner of the coppice, and it was too narrow to admit the number of persons collected. Matters were made

worse by the lieutenant of my company coming to me and saying that he could not move another step, as he had been attacked with a severe fit of asthma—a disease to which he was subject. I pushed him through the crowd to the gap into the high road, and remained myself a short time to see if I could get off any more of my men, when finding the greater part of the crowd had thrown down their arms to surrender as prisoners of war, I made another dash for the gap and got through. O'Hara, with eleven of my company, were taken prisoners. Similar disasters took place on our right; but the enemy appeared to know as little of the nature of the country as we did, and made as many blunders. A body of five hundred of their men advanced too far, and getting entangled amongst our advanced posts, were made prisoners; others contrived to get into the coppice and thence into the high road. They fired into the head of one of our columns and killed five officers—amongst the rest, the captain I had relieved in the morning. I was now completely cut off by this party, which interposed itself on the high road, between me and the column. My fellows were exceedingly clever in securing themselves under cover; and when our men ceased to appear at the gap, every

Frenchman who approached was sure to pay for his temerity. Here we kept them at bay; but the question was, how were we eventually to escape?

I was senior captain, and should lose my promotion, and I did not like the idea of being sent a prisoner to Verdun. At length we observed some skirmishing below us, and I told one of the men to lead on and skirt the road under the brow of the hill, to try and rejoin our troops. The French soldiers at the gap were not long in following, keeping up a running fire upon us. I was nearest to them, from being the last of our party, and we had got some distance when I was struck in the thigh by what at the moment I considered to be a spent shot, for it gave me no pain; however, I soon found my boot full of blood, and my leg getting very stiff, I was beginning to lag behind, when a sergeant, who was with the party, observing it said: "The captain's wounded; we must not let him be taken;" and, although there was little chance of escape, they insisted upon placing me in a blanket, and carrying me with them. Strange to say not a shot touched any of us afterwards, although the same party continued in pursuit.

Looking up towards the road, the first regiment I saw was the 47th, and I was just in time to

see them face about and retire. My bearers were much fatigued, although they were in sufficient numbers to relieve each other. I begged to be put down, but the sergeant would not permit it; so on we went, with a line of English skirmishers, who were firing upon the enemy to cover the retreat of the column. We could not keep up with them, and it seemed folly to attempt to carry me any further.

My Caçadores would listen to no remonstrance, until at length we came up with the subaltern's party of the 14th Light Dragoons. These at first put about also; but a sergeant of the party called the officer's attention to the Caçadores; when he ordered the dragoons to the front, and they made a most brilliant charge upon the enemy, who evidently were not prepared for it. The officer's name was Beckwith, of Bristol riot celebrity. Great numbers of the French were sabred, and that part of their line ceased to advance any further. I was now safe, for I had got a little beyond the Mayor's house; but here I found that another misfortune awaited me. A wounded officer had taken away my mule, and I was recommended to follow his example, by taking the first one I could meet with, which I did. I had scarcely gone a hundred yards, when

its owner was brought to the rear, wounded also, and he was obliged to do as I had done.

I suffered a great deal of pain before I reached my quarters, arising, I suppose, from the wound rubbing against the saddle; but nothing could exceed the kindness of the bricklayer's family, when I was once more amongst them.

The action continued in different parts of our line during the three following days. I was told that Lord Wellington directed in person the attack made the next day on some works which the enemy had thrown up before the Mayor's house. That on the enemy's right (our left), I was told had been carried by a portion of our Caçadores. The lieutenant of my company had behaved very gallantly, and whilst standing on the top of the parapet cheering on his men to follow him, he was killed; a French soldier amongst those who had been driven from the work was seen to turn round and fire at him.

After the action was over, the body was examined, but no wound was discovered; it was in consequence more generally believed that he had burst a blood vessel, or that he dropped down dead from exhaustion. The sergeant who had insisted on carrying me off the field was also killed the same day. He was a townsman of the lieu-

tenant's, and his loss was much regretted in the battalion. I forget the amount of our loss, but without including the staff, out of eleven officers who had gone into the action of the Nive, with the six companies of which the battalion was composed, only four came out with them, the others having been all either killed or wounded!

When the action was over, and the 5th Caçadores returned to their quarters, the grief of the bricklayer's family on finding that the lieutenant did not return was excessive. Even the old lady, with whom during his lifetime he had been no favourite, in consequence of making her husband tipsy so often, grieved for him as much as the rest of the family, and the house after his death seemed very lonely and *triste*.

Amongst my early visitors, was Major-General Bradford, commanding the brigade. He told me that he had recommended me for promotion; but that the Marshal (Beresford) had anticipated him, by promoting me to the rank of major in the General Orders of the army, for good conduct in the field. He also asked him to appoint me to the battalion, as the majority was vacant; but the Marshal would not do it, telling the Major-General he had other intentions towards me, so soon as I should be sufficiently recovered. Two subalterns

were sent from one of the infantry regiments to command temporarily the two companies that had no officers left. The young man who took the command of mine, declared that he never before had to deal with such a set of scamps.

The battalion was subsequently moved some miles in advance, and as I could not be removed, I was left behind. My wound did not get on well, and as it would not heal over, I was kept on very low diet. I lived principally on roasted apples, which the daughter of the head man of the village used to procure for me. Indeed nothing could exceed the kindness of this poor creature. She and her brother contrived by passing through our line of sentries, and those of the enemy, to get into Bayonne; and when they returned she always brought me something nice, which I was not, however, permitted to eat.

By the time I was recovered and able to move, I had quite a stock of claret and brandy which she had brought from Bayonne.

The people in the neighbouring houses experienced great annoyance from the number of camp-followers and marauders who visited them, now that there were no troops stationed in the village. A number of families, principally females, came in consequence to reside at my quarters,

as it was found that the presence of even a wounded officer was a check upon the vagabonds. Although they never visited the house where I was, yet I could not keep a couple of young pointers of a particular breed which I had, from them. They were taken when outside the house by some English soldiers passing through the village, and my Portuguese servant remonstrated with them to no purpose, when they learned that I could not stir.

I afterwards discovered that the dogs had been seen with the 87th regiment, but I never had an opportunity of meeting with the corps.

I was becoming very anxious to rejoin, and when I mentioned my intention, the Basque girl told me I must not go until she could get me a horse from Bayonne, and to my surprise she made her appearance three or four days afterwards with a very creditable five-year-old steed. I forgot the sum she charged for it, but I certainly could not have purchased it myself for three times the amount.

When I rejoined, my wound was still open; but as the 5th Caçadores were not far off, my journey was a short one. Some days afterwards I saw a fleet of gun-boats enter the Adour. The weather was very boisterous, and a number of

them grounded and were wrecked, a captain of the navy being drowned. I dragged out of the water a sailor boy, and we had some difficulty in restoring him from his state of suspended animation. He turned out to be a Portuguese lad, whose father was serving in the brigade. The father told me the youngster had run away from home, and he would feel very much obliged to me if I would find some employment for him, candidly telling me that his son was a sad pickle; but that if ever he misbehaved, if I would send him over to him he would give him a good thrashing. I found him a smart, active lad, yet, like most boys I have seen as servants, he required a servant to look after him.

We had afterwards to cross the Adour ourselves in what I termed tin-kettles. These were pontoons, without any rudder or means of steering them, and we kept our feet on the framework. We were pulled across with oars, but were obliged to take the opportunity of the top of the tide, or slack water, otherwise the current would have taken our unmanageable craft either out to sea or up to Bayonne.

About 500 Guardsmen had crossed the preceding day, and had fortunately taken over some intrenching tools, for when the tide turned all communica-

tion with the rest of the division was cut off. In this predicament a column of about 2,000 raw conscripts moved out of Bayonne to attack them, but whilst advancing they were dispersed by a rocket thrown from our side of the river. It went right through the column, doing great execution.

The French having never heard of or seen such a thing before, broke and fled, nor could they be again rallied until they reached Bayonne. Another rocket struck a frigate anchored higher up the stream, mortally wounding its commander, and doing considerable damage. Hence they termed it "the infernal machine." Nor were there wanting some Frenchmen, with whom I spoke, who, sympathising with their brethren in the town, hinted at the unfairness of using such a diabolical invention.

A bridge having been established above the town, the left wing of the army was passed over and the town invested. I do not think that Bradford's Portuguese brigade had orders to take any part in this last operation, beyond supporting the troops engaged in the duty, and the 5th Caçadores were originally posted in rear of the Brunswick Riflemen; but the Major-general, it was said, was a terrible fire-eater, and always anxious to get the

regiments of his brigade engaged. On this occasion, he ordered me to take a portion of the battalion, and prolong the line of the Brunswick Œil Skirmishers to prevent their left being outflanked and turned by the enemy. There was a fine clear space to my front, and I had my forebodings that the Brunswickers would not have left their flank so exposed without some good reason; but I did as I was ordered, and soon found that, with the exception of the high road, the whole country was a labyrinth of canals and ditches, which had been made for the purpose of draining the marsh. My operations must therefore necessarily be confined to the high road, without the power of communicating with the troops on my right.

A body of about thirty or forty of the enemy was drawn up across the road, as if to oppose us; but after losing some men I thought it high time to make a rush at them to drive them back. To my astonishment they stood as firm as a rock, and continued firing as if they had been on a parade. On nearing them, I discovered there was a broad, deep canal between us, when I, of course, ordered my fellows to run and get out of their fire, and from that of the fortresses as quickly as possible. The wound I had before received was

not yet healed, and my knee began to pain me to such a degree that I thought I should have fainted. The enemy now began to ply us with grapeshot. At the side of the road between us and the Brunswick Riflemen there was a broad ditch, which appeared very deep, and I was endeavouring to persuade my men to cross it and join them, but none of them would try it; I suppose they could not swim. At length I determined to try it myself, and jumped in, when, to my great joy, I found it did not reach up much higher than the waist; but I had scarcely gained the other side when I observed a group of eight or ten of my men standing on the road, and amongst these was the quarter-master of the battalion (who never lost an opportunity of leaving his duties to join in a skirmish), the master-tailor, and some other valuable men. A discharge of grape swept round the party, and killed or wounded every man of them, with the exception of the quarter-master. The men after that made no difficulty in following me, and opening out as much as possible, in order to baffle the enemy's artillery—passing one or two smaller channels, we succeeded in joining the troops on our right.

An extraordinary occurrence had taken place. Before entering the water I was in an agony of

pain, but the moment my knee touched the cold water the pain ceased.

The Germans seeing this reinforcement, continued to advance a little further, at length they posted themselves in two houses too close to the fortifications. Here, almost every man who attempted to pass across the road to the other building was shot.

Having posted my men further to the rear, I went up to the Germans to see what they were about. The captain who commanded the Brunswickers had lost three officers, attempting to carry orders across the road; and now that he was in this predicament, he wished me to take the command of the whole as senior officer. This, I told him, I had no authority to do; I was merely ordered to support him. He then asked my advice whether he should stay, with the danger of having his retreat cut off, or whether it would be better to retire. I informed him I had some time before sent an officer to the rear for instructions, and I was surprised he had not returned; and pointing to some high ground on his right, where the enemy were advancing in force, I said, "If you remain two minutes longer without getting your men out of the opposite building, you will not be able to fall back and effect your retreat; besides,

'I see no advantage in your present position, unless you have positive orders to hold it." They suffered very severely afterwards, the captain himself being wounded, and my own party did not get away without some trifling loss.

I was in a great rage at the officer I had sent out, not returning. Colonel St. Clair told me he had not sent him back, because it was clear to every body that we had no business where we were, and that we should soon be forced to return. There is however a great difference between retiring at your leisure and retiring in the face of an enemy. That night, although I had a good quarter and a good bed, I passed in great agony, the pain in my knee having returned.

A few days after this, the Caçadore battalion was removed further in advance, and we occupied a sort of villa, about 800 yards from the fortress. I did not much like the way the men were put up; there was only one door-way into that part of the building where the men were quartered. I told the Lieutenant-Colonel if the enemy attacked or made a sortie early in the morning, he would not be able to get his men out, and half of them would be taken. It was then decided that I should rouse the men up, half an hour before day-

break, make them fold up their blankets, and get them out.

The Colonel and myself lived in a house attached to the villa where a blacksmith's family was residing. The old man always made the servant girl get up to light me a fire, and Annette did not at all approve of the arrangement. She was as fond of her bed as the Colonel, and used to revenge herself on my going to breakfast in the adjoining house with Captain Dobbs, by strutting into the room with mock solemnity to inquire after my health. She was too much afraid of her master and mistress to play these tricks in their house.

There was another defect in our quarters. We could not stir across the gravel walk without being shot at; for this evil, I soon found a palliative. I got a quantity of green boughs, and stuck them rather thickly across the path at which the enemy's fire was directed. They could not under this arrangement tell whether any one was passing or not, and it ceased to be worth while for them to keep up an incessant fire. The Major-General came while I was collecting the materials, and when he saw how well the cover answered, he said it ought to be called "*The Bunburian Breastwork.*" Luckily the enemy never attempted to

destroy the house, or fire at it. If they had done so, it would have occasioned us a deal of mischief.

I was now perfectly recovered, when an order arrived for me to do duty and take the command of the 6th Caçadores, in the 2nd Division; so taking leave of my former comrades I proceeded on my journey. I had a short time before received the arrears of my pay as Major of Brigade, so I had lots of money. I also escaped from the sortie the garrison made afterwards, and I can conceive from their proximity, that the Caçadores must have been rather roughly handled. Poor Dobbs, after boasting that he had remained uninjured the whole of the war, received on this occasion a wound which laid him up for several months.

I joined my new appointment, I think, at Tarbes; Lieut.-Colonel Fearon, my predecessor, had been killed at Orthes. The 6th Caçadores were then commanded by the senior captain, who had two brothers in the battalion. I soon found that I should again have to undergo the ordeal of being tested, but this time it was by the officers, not the men.

The officers having assembled to meet me, Captain Antonio Vas, the officer in command,

handed me a letter, which he said he had received for me some days before; it was addressed, in English, to the officer who might be appointed to command the 6th Caçadores, and I found on opening it that it contained an order that I should not recommend for promotion four named officers, until I had personally witnessed their conduct in the field under fire. It had hitherto been bad, and they were to redeem their credit before they were promoted.

I desired the four officers to remain with me, having dismissed the others, and I communicated to them the purport of the letter, thinking it best to do so; at the same time I told them that I was sure the Marshal must have been either mistaken or misinformed, and that it would give me great pleasure to report their gallant conduct on the next opportunity, being certain that they would not then be wanting in their duty as officers and brave men. I directed the Adjutant to manage his roster in such a manner that none of these officers should be on the baggage-guard when it was probable the battalion would be engaged, that thereby an opportunity of wiping off the stigma might be afforded.

As I only held the rank of Major, and did not belong to the corps, the senior captain did not

seem at all to relish my superseding him in the command, although I tried hard to conciliate him. It was evident that he and his brothers were seeking to organize a party against me.

I was of course anxious to take the battalion into action as effective as possible, for as yet I was only a lieutenant in the British service, and thought the first time we were engaged I might gain my company. To do this it was necessary that as few men should be in employ as possible. But I found the officers were all horse dealers, and in consequence a great number of men were exempted from duty to act as bât-men in charge of their horses.

Lord Wellington's orders were very stringent on this head. The captain of a company was entitled to only one bât-man, and the subalterns one to each company; and in calling the attention of the officers to this order, I permitted the subalterns to have one each for a limited period, until they could dispose of some of their horses; after that was effected I should expect the general order would be complied with. On the issue of my battalion order, I desired the adjutant to go to Captain Antonio Vas, with my compliments, to request that he would not consider the order as applying to him, for I was aware from the position he held in the regiment, that he necessarily

had more horses than he otherwise required, and was therefore left to dispose of them at his leisure. He sent back word to tell me he wanted no favours, or more indulgence than he was entitled to. There was no English officer excepting myself with the battalion. Captains Brunton and Temple, of the 43rd regiment, were absent on leave. These officers were also captains in the British army, and consequently my seniors in that service, but not in the Portuguese. They neither of them rejoined the corps. Brunton afterwards commanded a regiment of Dragoons in India; I don't know what became of Temple.

The officer in command of the Brigade was Colonel Hardinge, afterwards Governor-General of India. On the occasion of my issuing the battalion order regarding the bât-men, he sent for me, and told me he highly approved of the order which he had seen. The late Lieutenant-Colonel Fearon had noticed the same evil. Had he lived, one of the first things he intended doing was the issuing of a similar order. Colonel Hardinge added, "Don't you think it would have been as well to have made an exception in favour of Captain Antonio Vas, who has been in command of the battalion before you? You will find that you have a difficult card to play, and you will have to use

great tact with these people." I replied, I was so fully aware of the justice of this, that I sent the adjutant to him with a message to the very purport he had just recommended. He added, "Well this is very extraordinary, and I must tell you that Vas himself is the person who put your orders into my hands, but he said nothing about the verbal message; you had better, I think then, not let him know that we have had any conversation on the subject, and act in the matter as you think best."

The next morning the battalion having assembled to commence its march, I went to the rear of the column in order to count the number of bât-men. I found one man more than I had permitted in orders, and on enquiring whose bât-man it was, Captain Vas left the ranks, and said it was his, with the permission of the officer commanding the Brigade. I inquired why he had not communicated the permission he had received to me, his commanding officer; he replied, "*It seems difficult to tell who is the commanding officer, you, or the Brigadier!*"

"To shew you that I am," I replied, "you will forthwith rejoin your company, and take the man with you."

On the other hand, whenever he complained,

which was frequently, that the Quarter-master had given him a very inferior billet, and not corresponding with his position in the corps, I ordered that officer to give him mine, and in future to give me the second best. This answered a double purpose. The Quarter-master hated the Captain and his brothers, and would have been too apt, in consequence, to make my quarrel his own; but now the captain could no longer complain of my dealing unfairly towards him.

The Caçadore Battalion was a great favourite with Sir William Stewart who commanded the division. He sometimes called them his Body Guard, at other times his Harriers. They were short muscular fellows, and made capital riflemen. From the undue partiality shewn them by Sir William, who always placed them in quarters with his staff, whilst the other Portuguese Infantry Regiments remained in bivouac, a little jealousy was created; I believe, however, the reason to have been that in small towns after the Division and Brigade staffs are accommodated, there are always a number of houses wherein a small battalion may be quartered, the officers being inadequately, but the men very comfortably provided for; and the Caçadore Battalions were little more than one third of the strength of the Infantry regiments.

On one occasion I was thus quartered after a very wet and late march, and was forced to bring my cattle into the dwelling-house for the night, expecting to march early the following morning. My quarter had been told off by the Assistant-Quarter-master-General of the division, and the door marked accordingly, but I was scarcely seated by the fire, when the Provost-Marshal entered and claimed the quarter for himself. I referred him to the mark on the door, but it had been rubbed out and his own substituted. As we had only a few hours to remain, I told him he might share it with me, but with this he was not satisfied, and wanted me to leave the house altogether. On my declining to do so he went to report the circumstance to the Assistant-Quarter-master-General, who sent me a verbal order to give it up. It was against a positive divisional order that any change of quarters should take place after the troops had once taken possession. Moreover the order commented rather severely on irregularities in the Quarter-master-General's department and the consequent complaints, which they had occasioned. I took my stand, and told him that I would not move at that late hour of the night without an express order from the General, and I desired the Provost-Marshal to leave

the house immediately; he was obliged with his guard to pass the night in the open market-house. I was in a rage, for I told him that I would not allow a single individual of the battalion to be moved any more than myself. The next morning on the line of march, I met the Assistant-Quarter-master-General, who was very indignant at my conduct, asking me if I was not aware that the staff, without reference to rank, always took the choice of quarters before regimental officers.

This officer was no other than the person formerly mentioned from the Military College, who, as a youngster, I had assisted in tormenting, and he urged old friendship and former service together as a further reason why I should have complied with his desires.

I replied, if custom were to constitute law, I acknowledged that the staff always took care of themselves first, but I could see no other assignable reason, and that old friendship and former service together I did not anticipate would have permitted him to pass over the claims of a Field Officer in command of a corps, in favour of one who only a few weeks before had not even His Majesty's commission. He replied that he might probably yet have an opportunity of convincing me that he was right; but we never afterwards met in any official relation to each other.

CHAPTER IX.

Battle of Toulouse, 10th of April, 1814—Rival Lovers—My French Cook—Roguery of a Restaurateur at Toulouse—Return of the Anglo-Portuguese Army to Portugal—Amusements *en route*—Appointed to the 3rd battalion of Caçadores—Quartered at Villa Real, Tras dos Montes—Tea Making, alias Flirtation—Breakfast in a Nunnery—Portuguese Wine Company—Excursion and Amusements—The Lorda.

About an hour before daylight, on the morning preceding the battle of Toulouse, General Stewart sent for me. I found him on the table land which overlooks Toulouse; the city being on the opposite side of the river Garonne. He said, "I suppose you have noticed the field works, which the enemy have erected below us?" I replied, I had. "Then, I wish you," was his reply, "with the Caçadores to drive the enemy from them, so go and make your arrangements immediately, and be ready to commence your attack when day breaks." My friend, the senior Lieutenant (one of the officers about whom I was cautioned) had contrived to be away, on the baggage

guard, but I was assured by the Adjutant, that it had been quite a mistake; possibly it was so.

We did not find the job a very difficult one; the enemy withdrew their men as we advanced, and as I had orders not to go beyond a particular point, I halted the party. The enemy now began pelting us with round shot, but having made the skirmishers lie down, they did us no injury beyond covering us with mud. When the fire slackened, I thought it better to advance a little further in order to gain possession of some houses, whence they were beginning to annoy us with musketry; these we easily carried, and I then obtained better cover. In posting the men I took the other brother, the senior ensign, with me, and I never saw a poor devil in such a fright, bobbing his head every instant, when a musket ball from the enemy passed near him. I continued with him until he became somewhat cool and collected, so as to understand what I was saying to him. I had observed the enemy making preparations to withdraw a howitzer and some guns, from a battery near us. I could easily have prevented the removal, but it was beyond the limit assigned me, so I rode back to Sir William and pointed out to him what the enemy were doing, and requested permission to prevent them; as it could

be done with great ease. He told me that he also had observed them, but that our attack was meant to be a mere demonstration, to call the enemy's attention to that point, and that he would feel the loss of any of his Caçadores more than he should prize the capture of one or two guns, which the pending operations might be of little value to the enemy.

I returned to my advanced party, and here we remained until it was dark, in a large house which they told me had been Soult's quarters. We found dinner ready, and no one to put it on the table, the occupants having fled, but our people soon supplied their places. The house was splendidly furnished, and contained plenty of beautiful glass and Sèvres porcelain. Any plate there may have been on the table which was laid, had disappeared before I entered. I immediately posted sentries to prevent any damage being done to the property, eatables excepted, which I allowed the men to take whenever they could find them, as they had till then been without their dinner.

We had been in this château about two hours, enjoying ourselves, while the enemy every now and then fired a few shots of musketry from a large building on the opposite side of the river,

which I took to be an hospital, from its having the black flag displayed from one of the windows.

The enjoyment of our "*otium cum dignitate*" was at length disturbed by a party of riflemen joining us; I think they belonged to the regiment of the Brunswick Œls. They took post in the house, and commenced gutting it forthwith, the officers setting the example. In this stage of the proceedings, I thought I might as well have my share too, so I desired my servant to collect different articles to complete my canteen for six persons. I was rather late, as some of the most handsome things were gone; but, besides tea-cups and articles of that kind, I got a set of the most beautiful dessert plates I ever saw, each plate being ornamented with a different landscape. On my march afterwards through Spain, to Portugal, they were the admiration of all the landladies where I was billeted; some of them were broken, others stolen, many were given away as presents, and very few of them reached Portugal.

At night-fall we were relieved by a party from the 31st regiment. I remained a little behind, talking to Bolton, the adjutant of that corps, on the causeway, leading from the bridge, when a round shot fell between us. I afterwards served in India under him, when he reminded me of the

circumstance. Colonel Bolton was afterwards killed at Moodkee. Although the battle of Toulouse took place the following day, I was only a distant spectator. I had taken care of my men while they were engaged in a feigned attack, by placing them, whenever it was possible, under cover. By this means none were either killed or wounded; and not only John Bull himself, but it would seem the higher authorities also, can never conceive that a military service is well executed unless accompanied by a butcher's bill, representing great loss of life and limb. The brigadier was from this cause refused the command medal, which he might otherwise have received, as my battalion formed part of his brigade.

Colonel Hardinge wrote to me many months afterwards, forwarding a copy of a letter from the Horse Guards. He had applied to obtain the medal for the battle of Toulouse, as my battalion was engaged; but the application was refused, the second division having been reported by Lord Wellington not to have been engaged. After the action at Toulouse, the battalion was cantoned in a village on the road leading from that city to Villa Franca, where the enemy had established outposts.

The entry of the allies into Paris having been

made known, Colonel Hardinge left the army, and was succeeeded in the command of the brigade by Colonel Pym, until the arrival of Major-General Ashworth.

Sir William Stewart did not approve of the cantonment which had been assigned to me; he wanted us farther in advance, and desired me to follow him with the battalion. We wandered about the country till it was quite late in the day, the General all the time expatiating on the advantages and disadvantages, as military posts, of each village we reached; at length we ventured to point out to him that the men were getting tired, and beginning to feel the want of their dinners; and, as a village was at hand, I begged he would let us remain there for the night. To this he assented, having quite forgotten that the men were marching at his heels. The following morning we received orders to march back to our former cantonments.

Colonel Pym had left his quarters in the cantonments of his own regiment, and, instead of taking those previously occupied by Col. Hardinge, he fixed his abode in the cantonments of the Caçadores, at a château where a very pretty French woman, who was divorced from her husband, resided with two beautiful children.

Dr. Clarence, the staff surgeon of the brigade, Captain Davenport of Pym's own regiments, and myself, were inseparables, and we voted Pym's arrangements a great bore.

The Doctor was half mad, the Captain was an amorous Irishman, with a good voice, could sing well, and we were determined to teaze the poor Colonel to the utmost. He gave us divers hints that it was not necessary that we should visit him so often. We told him that now he was a Brigadier, politeness required it, and when this excuse was worn thread-bare, we said we had come to see Madame, who unlike him, was always happy to receive us. She soon perceived the drift of our visits, and entered into the fun with all the ardour of a lively Frenchwoman. Davenport, although he could not speak a word of French, was the most noticed by the lady, as she also had an agreeable voice and played the guitar; Pym accordingly sent him for a few days to inquire about some windmills which had been burnt down; but in fact to get him out of the way. When he returned, he and the mad Doctor dined with me, and I requested Madame Banse Riviel to bring her guitar, and come and join us. I had prepared her beforehand, and consequently all Pym's representations on the impropriety of her coming to my quarters were thrown away. I never laughed so much in my

life. The doctor and the lady began a game of romps, and made so much noise that mine host and his wife (tenants of the lady) came up to see what was the matter. The amorous Irishman became sentimental and jealous, and altogether the contrast was most ludicrous.

Having such good materials to work upon, the Doctor and myself, the following day, set about composing a mock heroic poem, in three cantos, describing the intrusion of the Colonel, the banishment and sufferings of the lover, the lady's feelings when the doctor attempted to supersede him during his absence, and a lot of other nonsense, which this mad fellow had the impudence, standing on a chair, to recite in Pym's presence, adding an account of the presents the Captain had given the lady prior to his being sent in search of the windmills. The old fellow could not help laughing, although we sometimes, as the ditty proceeded, hit him very hard. I lost caste with the lady; and from having made her figure in our doggrel rhymes, she was pleased to call me a dangerous person.

I went sometimes to Toulouse, particularly on our first arrival, and generally took two or three Portuguese officers with me to dine at the restaurant near the square, where we used to get capital Languedoc wine (*mousse*) very cheap. On

one occasion, when I went there with a small party as usual, I stopt to gaze at a distance at some showmen (for anything approaching Mr. Punch had to me always great attractions), when I observed one of this party, a trumpeter, had caught my eye. Down went his instrument, and in a moment, bounding over the heads of the crowd, he was at my side; it turned out to be my late cook, poor Auguste, whom I had been obliged to discharge for over zeal in my service, in never paying any of his countrymen, or charging me anything for my living. He told me he had been to Paris, where they had given him a pension of one franc per diem. I said, "Well, Auguste, you deserved it, if it was only for your services at the battle of *Celerico*." "Parbleu," he replied, "we were in great danger, and if you, Monsieur mon Majeur," (glancing his eyes at the cuff of my jacket, where my present rank was visible) "had only have let me get at those *coquins de Juifs*, the following morning, when I had obtained a good stick, would I not have made mince meat of them?" He wanted me greatly to go up to the show with him, where I was to see all for nothing, and be introduced to the manager, who, he said, was a *brave garçon;* but as the crowd were collecting around us, I told him I would see him again another

time. With my party, we then went to the old restaurant, and I ordered dinner for three officers and myself. I had always given the garçon a few sous, and he was, in consequence, very civil. I desired him to bring the same wine that we had always taken. This house had now become a place of great resort, and there were a number of officers of our cavalry dining there. These gentlemen generally contrived to spoil the market wherever they went; and they had done the same here. On calling for the bill, I found we were charged sixteen dollars for what we formerly paid three or four. On inquiring the reason, I was told we had been drinking champagne. Sending for the master, and telling him that I had never before been charged more than a franc a bottle, and that I had not ordered champagne, he said, he hoped we would not oblige him to make the garçon pay for his mistake; which he would certainly do, if we disputed payment. I paid the amount, and ordered another bottle; the fellow was very civil, and waited to draw the cork, but I told him it was not necessary. As he still loitered about, anxious that the cork should be drawn, I bid him let the bottle alone, as I intended taking it as it was to the prefect, being desirous of ascertaining whether that functionary was a better judge of

wine than myself. To my taste, the wine was the wine of the country called Blanquette (*mousse*), sold at a franc a bottle. The fellow then got much alarmed, and said that, rather than have the credit of his establishment called in question, we might pay whatever we liked. I gave him back his bill, which he returned with the proper charges only, saying, there was such a demand for that wine in the house that in future he would be obliged to charge us two or three sous more than he hitherto had done.

One of our party had noticed a placard in the streets, announcing that it had come to the prefect's knowledge that gross imposition had been practised on the British troops, and inviting the officers to make their complaints when they had any, with a view to the punishment of the offenders. I frequently dined at the house afterwards, and remarked that our cavalry officers drank the same wine, and paid for it at five francs a bottle, as champagne; I never thought it worth my while to put them right. They, in the first instance, caused the price of everything to be raised, and I considered it expedient that they should continue to be cheated for their folly.

The period at length arrived for breaking up the Anglo-Portuguese army, and the Oporto

brigade, to which I belonged, marched through part of France, Spain, and Portugal, to the destinations assigned the different regiments. Some time before we commenced our march, I received a letter from Messrs. Hibbert and Hume, Army Clothiers, London, begging that I would interest myself to recover the amount of their bill for appointments they had sent for the battalion at the request of the late Lieut.-Colonel Fearon, and which, if not paid by the corps, would oblige them to sue his aged mother for the amount, a step they would be very unwilling to take. I assembled the officers to inquire how they proposed to liquidate the debt, which it was very evident they were not desirous of paying at all; nor were they anxious to receive the articles, which by this time had arrived at Passages. A debt contracted at the request of the officers by my predecessor I considered just as incumbent on me to recover as if the things had been ordered by myself; I therefore told them that they were not assembled to have the option of taking or refusing the articles for which they had all signed a requisition, but that their convenience might be studied in the amount of stoppages they desired to leave monthly for the persons who had supplied them. Seeing that I was inflexible, I succeeded before

we separated in obtaining from each officer a written authority for the Paymaster to stop a certain portion of pay monthly, and was thus enabled to make one remittance, and collect funds nearly sufficient for another, before leaving the battalion.

Our march was one scene of gaiety, particularly in France, for either the Brigade, or the Caçadores, or the Major-General, conjointly with myself, gave a ball in every large town we came to, and the expense was very trifling. I was generally sent in advance to make the arrangements.

Frequently young Frenchmen have come to me in the room, and said, "How is it you have picked up so many pretty girls? We are natives of the town, and have never met so much beauty before." I told them it was a particular instinct—a tact which the Chasseurs had to discover a pretty girl wherever she was to be found! But the real mode of proceeding was this—at the Prefecture I usually got the names of all the respectable people of the place, with a particular request that no young ladies' names should be omitted, even if they had no papa or mamma to bring them. I then inquired what ladies were pretty from some other person, and what ladies were otherwise.

The most respectable family was invited to

give a tone to the party, with such tabbies only as were necessary to accompany the girls selected, and a sprinkling of young Frenchmen (dancers); all the rest were excluded. Some people were surprised at not having been invited; it was deemed an oversight, and we were off the next day; in fact, we were more desirous of amusing ourselves than of paying the great families a compliment.

Our damoiseaux and demoiselles seemed to enjoy themselves most heartily. There is, I believe, contagion in such hilarity, at least I thought so myself, and on one occasion fell in love with the only daughter of mine host. She had a brother commanding a regiment of French Cuirassiers; they were a very old and respectable family, but certainly the young lady was kept too secluded and watched, at least she thought so, for she lost no time in making me aware of her desire to elope from the house of her parents.

Young and pretty as the lady was, how could I resist the temptation? and all the happiness she depicted as being in store for us; I say *she* depicted, for I verily believe that I should never have dreamed of proposing such a sapient arrangement. I was possessed unfortunately of a small phaeton, and without either of us reflecting for a

moment on the consequences, our project would have been carried out, provided the lady could manage to escape through the bed-room of her parents and that of her duenna. Very few words had sufficed to bring about our anticipated happiness. Dancing with her the first quadrille, she remarked, "How much I admire Chasseurs." "We want some recruits," was my reply; "would mademoiselle like to join us?" "Oh yes!" she said, "but you won't take me with you?" "Certainly we will; but what will papa say?" "Oh, if you will let me go with you, never mind that, he will soon forget it, *voilà l'affaire fini.*" I received several notes from her the following day, when we were halted, reminding me of my promise, with her plans; and, I was so infatuated that I had not courage at once to undeceive her and thus resist being dragged by a child into a very imprudent step. But fortune and my associates befriended me. Captain Davenport and the staff-surgeon used frequently to dine with me without previous intimation, and they would also sometimes bring a friend with them. It so happened that the day of our halt they came, accompanied by a young chaplain of the army, whom they had met with; he was an exceedingly gentleman-like person. After dinner the conversation

turned upon the party we had the previous evening. The clergyman, after apologizing for the liberty he was about to take, and which he said was justifiable from one of his cloth, told me he had heard of my intended project from my two friends; and to rescue me if possible from the disgrace attached to it, and to point out the evil effects it would have upon my future prospects in my profession, was the occasion of his present visit, and he trusted we should not separate without his obtaining from me a promise not to proceed further in the matter.

This advice, coming from a person I had never seen before, and given in so kind and friendly a manner, had one good effect. It made me reflect, which I had not done before, and I at once perceived that a young giddy French wife was not calculated to add to my happiness, while my habits, pursuits, and way of thinking satisfied me that the young lady would be much better without me as her liege lord and master. I had, however, no opportunity of explaining myself, or taking leave of the lady, and not daring to stay for the appointed hour, I moved off in advance. I never heard afterwards from her, but am inclined to believe she did not break her heart; and if she really wished for a husband, she might succeed

perhaps better with the next brigade which followed us. The young clergyman who rendered me this kind service, I never met with or heard of afterwards.

Our march continued to be a very pleasant one. We amused ourselves occasionally with mock tournaments, armed with long pieces of bamboo; in breaking a lance with each other, one of the party frequently got unhorsed. An unfortunate lieutenant, whose pony had a trick of getting the bit out of his mouth, afforded us great amusement. He generally stuck close to the column, surrounded by the men; but at times when he was off his guard, we would give a yell, and away would go the pony and the officers after him. His rider, without a bridle, contrived generally to sit him well, but in a dreadful fright. Although he sometimes got a fall, he was never hurt. This was not a very military proceeding; the men, however, seemed to enjoy the fun as much as their officers.

We had also some little disagreements. Davenport was the most silly fellow I ever met, where women were concerned, and in the house where he was billeted he was as jealous of Clarence and myself talking to them as if they were his undivided property. He could not speak one word of

French, and we laughed and joked him on his sentimentality, in having so soon forgotten the Lady of the Château. He could not bear being rallied on the subject, saying that we engrossed the conversation of all the women; we had made him particularly angry, and to pacify him, we promised not again to approach the ladies where he was billeted. I scarcely could persuade myself that he was serious in making this foolish proposition. However, I found he was determined to abide by it; for, a few days afterwards, I went out with the master of the house, to walk and see the town where we were quartered. He took me also to the *maille*, and introduced me to a family who were assembled under the shade of the trees. A walk was proposed by the party, and I gave my arm to one of the two young ladies who were there; we were soon followed by Davenport, whose hostess it seems I was walking with, when he tendered his arm, which she declined, saying one was enough. He then offered his arm to the other young lady, which she also declined, as she was about entering a convent to take the veil as a nun. He could not understand the reason of her not walking with him, and he became very angry, conceiving I had so arranged it, and I was afraid that my fair friend would

perceive what he was saying. He wanted me to pass her over to him, which I could not do, where I ever so much disposed; and, as he made use of some expressions of which I did not exactly approve, I told him I would not be bullied into a compliance with his nonsense.

He left the party and sent a friend to call me out, or to bring him an apology; the latter I declined giving, as I conceived that I was the person who had the most reason to feel offended. A friend was sent for on my account, and I told them both the story, just as it occurred, at which they laughed immoderately, and yet they passed nearly the whole night in trying to dissuade the silly fellow from shooting me. I suspect that most of the duels which take place arise from causes even more trivial. Poor Davenport was, a year or two afterwards, drowned on his passage between Holyhead and Dublin. He had previously left the Portuguese service.

When we were about to enter Portugal I was appointed Major of the 3rd battalion of the Caçadores, with orders to join that corps at Villa Reale, Tras dos Montes. Before taking leave of the Oporto brigade, I had an opportunity of seeing my successor, Lieut.-Colonel Peter Adamson. He told me he had applied to have the command

of the Caçadores battalion immediately after the battle of Orthes, when Lieutenant-Colonel Fearon was killed, and again on his seeing me attached to take the temporary command of it. The Marshal had, however, declined appointing him until now, telling him always that I had been placed there under very peculiar circumstances. He did not seem satisfied at my retaining the command so long, to his prejudice, and when I introduced the officers to him, and handed over the command, I gave him also the papers and money referable to the accounts of Messrs. Hibbert and Hume, expressing a hope that he would see that account settled and paid.

Comparatively speaking, few British officers were now retained in the Portuguese service. Most of them rejoined their regiments; I was, however, one of those authorized to remain, and all the subalterns so authorized, obtained companies in the British service without purchase. Mine was dated 23rd of October 1814. Twelve months afterwards we were all placed on the half pay list of the British army. The 3rd battalion of the Caçadores, to which I had been newly appointed, had been organised and commanded in the first years of the Peninsular War by the late Sir George Elder. The officer in command when I joined,

was Lieutenant-Colonel Luiz de Cerqueira. He was a married man, but divorced from his wife, and had some property in the neighbourhood of Villa Reale. He was a very agreeable companion, but rather too much infected with the philosophy of Voltaire, Rousseau, Volney, and others of the French school. He seldom remained long with the battalion, and in consequence, the command frequently devolved upon me.

The General Officer commanding the Province (the Conde de Amarante), had his head-quarters at Villa Reale, and I was on very intimate terms with the principal magistrate, Moraes Sarmento, afterwards Ambassador to our Court. We had subsequently with the battalion, a married officer, Captain Dobson, a most eccentric character.

The chaplain of the battalion was a blustering Franciscan Friar. He had made himself very useful to Sir G. Elder, who employed him to bully the people at the arsenal at Lisbon, by which means his corps was equipped and appointed sooner and better than any other. The Priest was a coarse sensualist; but he was, shortly after my arrival, sent out to Rio Janeiro, and became the tutor and spiritual adviser to the Prince Don Miguel!! There was also a captain of the name of Cassamiro, who had been a Dominican friar,

but on the breaking out of the revolution he turned soldier and married. He could not have remained in the country, and less so at Villa Reale, where there was a Dominican convent. After the war was terminated, he was therefore sent to the Brazils, where he became military tutor to Don Miguel. With such teachers and preceptors, we need not be surprised that the Prince became what he was.

Several of the officers had small incomes, exclusive of their military pay, and some of them (as the Lieut.-Colonel and myself) resided during the summer months in small villas outside the town. We formed a sort of mess, a very jolly one, but on principles drawn up by our Lieut.-Colonel, quite different from the mess rules in our service. We dined with each other in rotation, and were at liberty to bring a friend if we liked. This plan had its evils, for we began to vie with each other, and the price of game and other articles in the market rose in proportion. To check extravagance the Lieut.-Colonel proposed a bye law, that our table was not to groan with more than a certain number of dishes. The penalty was rather a humorous one, the offender being punished by our dining with him again the following day, and every consecutive day until his courage abated to

the proper level. The Lieut.-Colonel was himself the first to infringe his own regulation, and he was also the first to suffer punishment, he then became more reasonable. If I rightly recollect, ladies dined with us on one or two occasions, when the evening was generally spent playing voltarette (a game at cards, played by three persons). The ladies sang and accompanied themselves on the Portuguese, or, as *they* termed it, the English guitar.

These parties were very pleasant, but also very expensive, and when we took up our quarters in town they gradually ceased altogether. We had, however, in the town two or three opulent families, who were very hospitable when we met at their evening parties. The elderly people generally looked over the news of the day, or played at cards; the young ones either danced, sang, or played at forfeits, formerly so much in vogue in England, and still so in France; but the grand scene of all was the tea table. It was the particular privilege of the young lady of the house to make the tea, pour out the coffee, &c. At the moment the tea urn made its appearance, all the young ladies assembled at her court, and with them also the young gentlemen, on the plea and pretence of assisting them; but in reality to talk

nonsense and amuse themselves with a little flirtation. The noise and hubbub was sometimes awful, and the spilling of hot water, and upsetting of tea-cups no less so. Tea-making would never have had an end if the mammas had not interfered to declare that no more was wanted, and to disperse the rioters. On these occasions the young ladies had always some complaint to make against their swains, a little pouting, &c., but the scene was sure to be renewed at the next evening party by the same people, and these love quarrels were as essential a part of the entertainment, as cream and sugar to the tea and coffee.

A lady, the widow of a Major Feijo, had three daughters, who were very nice girls. With this family, when I first arrived at Villa Reale, I frequently went to visit the nunnery of Sta. Clara. On one occasion the nuns gave a breakfast to these and other ladies, and requested them to bring the officers of the battalion. The convent put me very much in mind of a menagerie at feeding time; not that we were very ravenous, but the spectators were encaged behind strong iron gratings. The imprisoned nuns crowded the gratings to see us eat. When we had finished, they ordered the things to be cleared away for dancing, as they were anxious to hear

the fine band of our battalion, and to see us tread the light fantastic toe. The principal Padre of the town, a great friend of mine, being with us, and perhaps the instigator of our pleasures, had not much difficulty in allaying their scruples. The nuns expressed their approbation in their tiny voices, saying, "Why should we not feel happy at the return of our soldiers to Portugal, God having blessed them with victory?" They even went further, and permitted one or two of their lay sisters, who were there, I suppose for education, to join us. Most of the nuns in the convent appeared young women, and a few of them were very pretty. They appeared very curious to know all about my religion, of which they had formed the most absurd notions, particularly as they had heard I was an Englishman, and a heretic.

They were more compassionate than charitable, saying, what a pity I should perish; and, appealing to the Padre, would ask him if there was no remedy. The good man would shake his head with affected gravity, and say, that he was afraid not. A Captain of the battalion, who was also a bit of a wag, looking towards the Misses Feijo, once said, he knew that ladies had more power over me than priests, and if the holy sisterhood would join in their endeavours, possi-

bly they might succeed in saving me. When we took leave, they requested I would call occasionally and see them; which I promised to do, with the permission of the Abbess, who seemed a very kind old lady. I did call sometimes, and was introduced by the porteress to the Parlatoria. They were very anxious that I should bring the battalion on Sundays to hear mass at their church, which, however, would scarcely hold them, in addition to the public. Besides, the Dominicans objected, and the men being quartered in their convent they thought they had a prior claim.

Whenever they had a request of this kind to make, an unusual number of nuns would come to the grating to receive me, and they were so vehement, talking all together, and so angry with the friars, that precisely as the Captain had told them, they carried the day, and I promised to accede to their wishes.

Both convents were situated in a large square, which was our parade and occasional drill ground. The fashionable hour for attending mass was when the battalion went with the band. Sunday was our drill day, and it was necessary to exclude a portion of the public who were waiting in the square. But not having the power to place a sentry at the doorway, I was obliged so to adopt

my movements as to get the battalion in first, at a concerted hour. This was effected by throwing the corps unexpectedly across the doorway, by which the rabble were deprived of all entrance until I had filed the whole battalion into the church.

The order of Sta. Clara is far from being wealthy, and I found, whenever I had a party to dine with me, that my servant got the pastry made at the convent at a very moderate charge. This factotum of mine (a soldier) was quite an original in his way. He was an excellent cook and a capital caterer. Although I was never in debt to any amount, I seldom had any ready cash, and it frequently happened, as there was no inn in the town deserving that name, that I had unexpected guests to dine with me. Coelho (the cook) would remonstrate with me, saying, that he had nothing in the house. Well, then "get it," was my reply, and I could soon see by a mysterious look which he assumed, that my coffers (of which he had the custody) were empty. On telling him that dinner must be made ready, he never failed to place a good meal before me. I suspect he used to visit the larders of the families of my acquaintance, and borrow on these occasions whatever he required, as he was well known to all

of them. I spoke the language well, and being considered by the Portuguese as one of themselves, I did not find them so jealous of their women as my experience, when wandering about, had led me to suppose. At the small hamlet of Ruvoes an old retired officer and his wife resided. I had formed the old gentleman's acquaintance on seeing him one day at market, and at a loss were to put up his horse. I sent it to the stable, and requested he would in future always place it there, as I had one or two vacant stalls. Calling upon me afterwards, he told me his name was Silveira, and that he had been major in the same regiment with Senhora, the widow Feijo's deceased husband. Since his retirement, he had seen little of the widow or her daughters, as they had no means of visiting him, owing to the roads being very bad; but if I, who he understood was a great friend of theirs would undertake to get them over to spend a day with him and his wife, they would be delighted to receive us.

Major S. had the finest fruits in the country; he was a large wine grower, and was considered very rich. His wife was much younger than himself, and had been very handsome. Many were the pleasant days I spent in his house; and nothing gratified the old gentleman more than my

sending to say that we had made up a party to spend the day with him. By naming a day or two in advance, he generally had some of the neighbouring families to meet us. His house was distant about five miles from Villa Reale. The ladies generally remained until the following day, but we returned to our quarters, as his house would not accommodate a very large party. This worthy couple had no children. I was acquainted with the Major in the year 1815 or 1816, and, singular as it may appear, I had two letters from him in the year 1821 or 1822, when I was at home on half pay, bewailing the effects of the revolution, and begging me to come and live with him. In his last letter, he plainly told me if I would reside with him he would adopt me, and he would make me his heir.

Several members of the family of his name, Silveira as well as the Count of Armarante, were very turbulent characters during the period of the revolution, and these, with some young men of his neighbourhood who were like-minded, must have sadly worried the old couple. He used to regret the good old times; and I am not surprised, for the Portuguese were a happy, contented people before the revolution, enjoying a cheap government, the machinery

of which, although arbitrary, was particularly simple.

If the generality of the country people were uninformed, their ignorance led them to believe their government and institutions, civil and religious, to be far better than those of any other nation. They were, therefore, contented, and desired no change. Such was the condition of the Portuguese peasantry at the time of which I am writing. The exceptions generally arose from over-legislating and from delegating extraordinary powers with the best intentions to persons, who in the end perverted them to their own selfish purposes. A whole district was governed in all ordinary legal matters, and judged by a *juez-de-fora*. This functionary was required to be a stranger to the district, and to prevent undue partiality, he was removed every three years. His decisions might be appealed against in the supreme courts of Lisbon. The decima, or tenth, seemed to me to be the only tax levied; and even the convents were so reduced in number and inmates, that these idlers pressed very lightly on the community. I am told that Portugal is now advanced, and much improved; national prosperity may be the result, but I question whether there is more real happiness for the peasant than before,

andw hether he has not been made discontented and turbulent.

The revolutions in Spain and Portugal were purely military. The bulk of the inhabitants of these countries had nothing to do with them at the commencement, and were mere passive observers of the event. Out of the great cities they did not even applaud; they had yet to learn the evils of continued political agitation, with its fruits—discontent, political rivalry, idleness, and distrust.

The Portuguese Wine Company (*a Companhia d'alto Douro*) was intended to benefit the wine grower of a certain district, where the port wine of commerce only is grown, by breaking up any combination entered into by the British merchants, and maintaining the price fixed each year by themselves; they also naming the minimum of each quality. If there were no demand for the wine, or the British merchants would not pay the price fixed, then the company were obliged to become the purchasers. They reserved the privilege of paying two-thirds of the amount in paper currency, which was always at a considerable discount, at the same time engaging to keep the roads in repair. Such wines as the Company did not require for exportation were converted by them, at Oporto, into aqua-ardente. The growers were on

no account permitted to sell their wines at a less price than the tariff stipulated, but they might demand as much more as they chose, and generally succeeded in obtaining a higher price from the merchant for the choicest wines. The wine-growers generally were great gamblers and very improvident. To prevent their getting in debt and mortgaging their produce in advance to the British merchant, the Oporto Wine Company had been established; but the whole of their enactments and regulations were of the most arbitrary and tyrannical character, in return for the supposed benefit they conferred on the farmer. In the first place they selected and set apart a certain quantity of the produce for their own exportation, paying no more than their own tariff. They never repaired the roads which it was their duty to keep in order. In no country of the world is attention to this particular more required, as the whole district is a series of abrupt and steep hills; the earth, a very friable blue slate in a state of decomposition, being supported by a succession of walls about five feet in height. This occasionally gives way during the rains, and the whole mass is then precipitated into the yawning abyss below. The wine is conveyed, not as in Spain, in pig-skins, but in pipes on cars of rude construc-

tion, the axle-tree revolving with the wheels. These cars are generally drawn by four oxen to the Company's stores at Pezo-de-Ragoa on the Douro, where the wines are afterwards embarked for Oporto. At a stated season of the year the company send their tasters up the Douro to Pezo-de-Ragoa, whence they proceed to the stores of the different wine growers in order to taste their wines, and fix their quality as 1st, 2nd, or 3rd.

The tasters, carry with them a small silver shallow basin, highly polished. Into this they pour a small quantity of wine and shaking it round they are, by the manner in which it stains the basin, enabled, from the colouring matter which adheres, to judge whether the wine be thin or not. I observed they never swallowed the wine, which would vitiate the taste, but spat it out again. The wine in large vats is then gauged, and the cellars closed until the time of the sales, and the grower has no further control over it. The minimum price at which the wine is to be sold, is afterwards published by the company.

The locality in which the port wine is grown is very limited. When the vines are pruned, hardly any wood is left on them: they are seldom higher from the ground than two feet at this season, and are not often allowed to retain more than one

leader of about two or three inches in height, but if the sap or stock is very strong and healthy, they sometimes allow two leaders to remain. At a particular season they are poled, like hops in England, with stakes about five feet in length, and when they are earthed up it is done with a large heavy hoe.

The growers are not allowed to manure the land, as it is found to increase the quantity, whilst the quality is rendered inferior. The grower will, however, occasionally sow lupins, and dig them in clandestinely as manure. The grape called the Bastardo is small and of a dark colour, very luscious and cloying to the taste, and when the fruit is bruised between the fingers, the juice is very glutinous and adhesive. It is a very singular circumstance, that beyond the line of demarcation for the growth of the Vinho da Feitoria, or Port wine, the wine is very different and of inferior quality. In general, where the aspect is towards the morning sun, the best vines are grown. The walls or steeps I have before alluded to, as supporting the earth, have large stones projecting so as to form the steps by which the labourers, during the vintage, ascend to fetch the grapes in large baskets. They are subsequently thrown into a large shallow vat; the men jumping in after delivering

their load, to tread out the juice from the grape. It is this treading which gives the port wine its astringent taste, which is derived from the fibrous stems. The treading and walking on the vine juice generally continue about three days. If the grape is thin and inferior it is not trodden so much, or the wine would be spoiled. The people who perform this task are generally men who come annually as labourers for the vintage, from the north of Spain, and are called Gallegos. This process is most disgusting; the vine growers here have few cattle, and in order to procure manure, straw, small heather, fern, or other vegetable substances, are spread on the road before their houses, as is the case in some parts of Ireland. This, from the passing and repassing of travellers, is soon in a state of decomposition, yet through this dirt the Gallegos (naturally not very cleanly about their naked legs and feet) have to pass frequently, with their load, and thus enter, without any previous cleansing process, the vat to tread the grape. On expressing my disgust at this part of the process, I was told that it was of no consequence, as the vine juice, when in a state of fermentation, purified itself. All extraneous substances would separate themselves, and those of less gravity than the vine would float on the top,

whilst the pure juice of the grape would be drawn off below.

The season for the sale of the wine is one of great gaiety, with much feasting and gambling. The company keep an open table at Pezo-de-Regoa during this period, at which I have dined, and where I met, for the first time, with stall-fed beef, equal to any I have tasted in England.

The Vino da Feitaria, or port wine in the hands of the farmers, bears no resemblance to the port wine of commerce when shipped from Oporto, nor do I think in its natural state it would be marketable in England, for it is scarcely drinkable in Oporto, being too fruity and cloying. To make their wines more saleable to the merchants, I have heard it asserted that some of the growers are in the habit of suspending in nets, small black or Kentish cherries, and that others hang, highly roasted legs of mutton at the bung-hole, after the fermentation has ceased in the pipe or tun, but I will not vouch for the truth of the statement. Of the manner of doctoring the wines at Oporto, by which they are so much improved, I shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

The 3rd Caçadores, to which I now belonged, was one of the corps ordered to hold themselves

in readiness to join the Duke of Wellington's army in France, but the Portuguese government, it is said, could not find as many transports to send their contingent round to join the allies as had been stipulated.

I therefore lost the opportunity of being at Waterloo, and with that opportunity my chances of gaining a gold chain or a wooden leg. I, however, obtained leave to visit Oporto, and on my way down from Villa Real stopped for a few hours at Penafiel, where my old battalion, the 6th Caçadores, was quartered. I was desirous of seeing the Lieut.-Colonel, as I had recently received letters from Messrs. Hibbert and Hume, complaining of his conduct in not forwarding to them any money on account of the appointments they had supplied to the officers of that battalion, and requesting me, if I had any influence with the commanding officer, to interest myself in their behalf.

The Colonel was a Scotchman, and seemed an odd, uncouth sort of fellow. He had assembled the officers at the inn where I was expected, and he told me that although a sum of money had been collected, and was in the battalion chest, with that which I had left on

giving over the command, he could not conceive why Messrs. Hibbert and Hume should expect any trouble would be taken in a matter which did not concern him. I pointed out the manner it would affect the widow, the late Lieut-Colonel's poor mother, should the amount not be immediately remitted to them. He then stated that he did not know where to get bills payable in London, or why he should render himself liable. I replied there could be no difficulty in getting bills from any of the Oporto merchants; but if he could not, I had myself no objection to take the sum he had to remit, and give him a bill on Messrs. Greenwood and Cox for the amount, at the current rate of exchange.

This was put round to the officers and agreed to, when the Lieut.-Colonel remarked to them in Portuguese that he would not be answerable, implying a doubt of my ever paying it. I was in a great rage, and told him that his conduct was very unbecoming, particularly as I had never required him to become my security; that it tended to lower me in the estimation of officers whom I had formerly commanded, I trusted with credit to myself and to the service. The officers may have understood the angry conversation that was

going on between us, for Captain Vas, with whom I had never been on good terms since I supplanted him in the command, stepped forward, saying to the Lieut-Colonel that although he had had his differences with Major B——, yet he believed him to be a man of honour, and one who might be trusted in money matters to any amount, and without stopping he again put it round to the vote, when it was unanimously carried with acclamations. Of course, I gave Vas my hand, and it seems we were reconciled, for I met him some years afterwards, when I had returned to the British service, when he rendered me an essential service. I got an order on a merchant of Oporto for the amount, and I thought that the Lieut.-Colonel looked very foolish when he signed the cheque, at finding I was so popular.

At Oporto I was staying with the Director of the Post-Office, Senhor Mello, who was also President of the Wine Company. He had a grandson, captain in the battalion, who was on leave with me. The old Fidalgo was a man of very polished manners; his dinners were good and well cooked, and what seldom happens with opulent families in Portugal, his table was not overloaded. He was very communicative, and, speaking of the Wine Company, he one day said:

"We trade a good deal with merchants in England for our wine, but I do not recollect our ever having more than one private correspondent," the Duke of York, whom they supplied direct with port wines. He had a few bottles of the Duke's wine in the cellar, and he sent for one that I might try it. It was what we term at infantry messes, good, strong, full-bodied subaltern's port, a pint of which would go as far towards making a man drunk as a bottle of better wine. But I suppose it wanted age; I cannot say that I approved of it any more than did mine host, the Senhor Mello himself, who always drank a very light country wine. Apropos of country wines: the wine grown in the immediate vicinity of Oporto is the worst in all Portugal. It is thin and as sour as vinegar. It is grown here on pollards, and as much wood is left in pruning, this method produces large crops of very inferior quality.

Whilst I remained at Oporto I received no civilities from any of the British merchants, or from Ashworth, my late brigadier; but at this I rather rejoiced. I was so completely a Portuguese that I found more fun in their parties, where there was a great preponderance of women, than I should have met with in the stiff and formal coteries of my pompous countrymen. Having

been joined by Captains Daniel and Sunderland, of the two Oporto Infantry regiments, we hired a house for the bathing season at Matozinhos, a small village near Oporto. Here we found several families from different parts of the country, at whose houses we were always welcome. The principal of these was a family of the name of Mello from Oporto, who were, however, not relatives to my other Oporto friends of that name. They had here a splendid villa, where they resided for a few months every year. This Senhor Mello had three daughters, and the eldest managed the household. She was a nice lady-like person, though not handsome. I used to sentimentalize with her, sit next her at dinner parties, and carve for her; whilst the other two sisters were flirting with my two other friends, Daniel and Sunderland. I say *flirting*, because one or both of my friends were disposed to consider the thing in a more serious light, whilst the two girls were quizzing them most unmercifully.

We met there also a family of the name of Brito. Mrs. Brito was a first-rate vocalist. There was a paucity of beaux at these parties, and Mrs. B.'s daughter was very assiduous in her endeavours to detach one of us from the Miss Mellos; she did not care which of us it was, and it gave

rise to a deal of fun. The latter ladies, perceiving her drift, played all manner of mischievous tricks upon her. One of them having been brought up in a convent, was particularly qualified for any mischief; nor did she hesitate to make her own beau a scapegoat on these occasions.

A canon from the cathedral of Lamego, with his niece (generally supposed to be his daughter), was always at these parties. I had known them before. The young lady was good looking, with light hair; she went by the name of "*the Lorda,*" a soubriquet she had acquired from having been a great favourite of Lord Wellington's, who was so much pleased with her performance on the pianoforte at the convent of Visieu where his lordship and staff were wont to repair almost every day during their stay there, that he made her a present, I have heard it said, of a piano, which he had sent out to her from England. She certainly played well, and was about to take the veil and be engaged as organist, at a convent at Oporto, where none but ladies of rich and noble families professed. As she was fond of society, I was surprised at her desire to immure herself for life in a convent, and I frequently talked to her on the subject. It did not appear

to me that she was affected by any particular religious veneration; on the contrary, she was not an enthusiast, and I think the salary of the appointment, together with the influence and consequence it would give her in the convent, and as a provision for life, had a great deal to do with her decision, which she told me was fixed, and that she preferred the society she would there meet with, describing it as more enjoyable than any she had ever met outside the walls. They had even theatrical performances and other amusements in the convent of the order she was about to enter, which was not the case generally with others.

I asked her if they had not also their feuds and bickerings, as other people. She said yes, but it was only when a new abbess was to be elected; when the choice was over the nuns soon returned to their former friendly intercourse. I said to her on one occasion, "You have been so often away from any convent, and at liberty in the wicked world we live in to do as you please—pray tell me honestly, have you, when in company with any young gentlemen, never found yourself possessed of some innate sensation and feeling, that you are placed on this earth for some other purpose than to struggle against nature, and to finish

by shutting yourself up for life a prisoner in a convent?" She replied, "I know this world is all vanity and folly; but if you are going to talk nonsense I shall get up and leave you;" and thus our conversation ended.

CHAPTER X.

Boating with Ladies—Return to Oporto—Preparation of Wines for Shipment—Sebastianistas—Rejoin the 3rd Battalion of Caçadores at Villa Real—Captain D— and his Wife—Singular characters—Death and Burial of the latter—Affliction of the Husband—Image Worship and Proselytism—Excursion—Transferred to the 4th Battalion of Caçadores—Journey to Penamacar—Meeting with the Bishop of Lamago on a Visitation Tour—Portuguese Officers and their ideas of hunting—Coursing at Idanha Velho—Shooting—Leave to return to England—Lisbon—Colonel Prior.

I WAS generally at the Villa all day, but when not there, Snr. Mello frequently sent for me. They could not otherwise make up a party to play voltarette. They played rather high, and as I was considered a tolerably good player I was in great request, whilst my two companions were under the necessity of amusing themselves at home until the hour for the evening party to assemble. The young ladies used sometimes to send and request me to call, as they wanted to see me; but it was only when they wanted to form a boating party, which the eldest sister

objected to unless I went with them; and I could only get away from the card party by requesting a Franciscan friar, who was staying in the house, to become my substitute, furnishing him with funds and making him play on my account. He did not play well, and in consequence I found it rather a losing concern. On one of these occasions I was not more fortunate in our boating excursion. At Matozinhos the estuary was very favourable for sailing, and we had procured a fishing boat with an immense lateen sail, which we did not well understand how to manage. On tacking, the mast broke short by the board; over went the sail, and we remained in a most perilous situation for some seconds. There were four ladies on board with us, and I showed my incompetency for the responsible charge I had undertaken, by becoming quite stupid and paralyzed. The gunwale of the boat was nearly under water when I came to my senses, on observing the daughter of the fisherman, owner of the boat, a girl of about fifteen years of age, (and who had been sent in her to take charge), swimming round the boat with a knife in her mouth. She had let herself quietly down the stern for the purpose of cutting away the sheet, which when she had effected the boat immediately righted. The most remarkable

circumstance was that none of the ladies were alarmed, or seemed aware of the danger of our position. Not so on shore; from the Villa they had witnessed the accident, and directly sent off boats to our assistance, expecting every moment that our craft would fill and go down.

Several families before I left Matozinhos arrived from the north of Portugal, and amongst them was an astronomer, a corrigidor or magistrate. In the drawing-room at the Villa was an immense telescope, a great treat to our new friend. It was a source also of much amusement to us, from the many practical jokes played on the astronomer with it by the youngest sister, whom I have before mentioned as having been educated in a nunnery. With a most sanctified countenance and manner, added to a certain nasal twang of voice peculiar to girls thus brought up, she was yet a kind-hearted good girl, but she could not resist the temptation of a joke, whether practised on friend or foe.

I went from Matozinhos to stay with a Tuscan friend, a wine merchant of Oporto, who was married to an English lady; but before leaving the former place I made the purchase of two pipes of very old port wine from a Portuguese gentleman I met at the Mello's. This wine I lodged in the cellar of my friend at Oporto, intending it as a

present to my father. My father's establishment being broken up, consequent on his wife's death, I handed the wine over to the merchant for the price I had given for it. From the first he had been anxious to get this wine from me, which he said was unfit for the English market, having from age lost its colour, but to him it would be invaluable to mix up with wines he was about to ship for England.

Whilst staying with my friend, I had an excellent opportunity of observing how the port wine was prepared for shipment. His wine cellars were on the opposite side of the river at Villa Nova, and they were rather extensive; on each side were ranged a number of huge casks, containing several pipes each, with the year of growth, and the grower's name marked on them. None of these wines can be quite pure as indicated by the mark, for each year a small quantity of new wine is added to each cask, which occasions a slight or incipient fermentation to the whole, and greatly improves it. A certain quantity of highly rectified spirit (acqua ardente) is also added, but the quantity depends upon the body the wine may have. The wine with a full flavour will bear a great deal and improve, whilst a light wine would be injured by even a small quantity. Each merchant

has a cellarman or taster, and on the abilities of these men, I should say a good deal depends the quality of the wine he exports. They are paid by getting as a perquisite the lees of all the wines which they are allowed to distil for brandy; consequently that merchant who exports the most wine may be supposed to have the best taster, these being also the best paid.

I frequently, about mid-day, called at my friend's cellars, where he always had some sardines, or roasted chesnuts for luncheon, and tasted his wines fresh from the butt; but once in particular he begged I would go down to his store, as he was about to ship seven or eight pipes to order, and he wished me to taste them, but I at first declined; I had tasted all his wines already, and with the solitary exception of a pipe of white port, there was no wine in his cellar I would give a button for. "To prove to you," he said, "that you do not understand anything of the matter, you must come down to-day," to which I acceded, and really I think I never tasted finer wine in England than what he gave me. I naturally inquired where he had obtained these wines, when he assured me upon his word of honour, that the whole was from his own cellar, and he called his taster to explain the matter to me. It would seem

that a wine of a certain year's growth was taken as a basis, and then a portion from the growth of other farms selected to correct any deficiency in the quality of the wine to be exported, as in roughness, full body, or colour, for in this there was also a fashion to satisfy, to which my two pipes were totally inapplicable; but they had been of great service in giving a flavour such as old tawney wine alone could impart; more rectified spirit had also been added.

At our lunch on these occasions, Rosas always had Indian corn bread, which he said was the correct thing to eat with sardines. This bread looks exceedingly tempting, and in appearance might be taken for sponge cake; but I never ate it without being reminded of the chokes in the pine-apple, or those in the artichokes. Snr. Rosas was a person of very superior acquirements, and of a good Tuscan family; he was religious and charitable, and more his own enemy than the enemy of other people. He had his failings, and these were his virtues carried to excess. His religion partook largely of superstition, and his charity of profusion. In Portugal there was then, and I believe there is still, a sect they term Sebastianistas, and Rosas, although a foreigner, was one of these. They believe that King Sebas-

tian, who was slain in Africa, fighting against the Moors, and who is the hero of an old English play, is not dead, but hidden on some island they call the "Ilho incognita," and that he will yet return mounted on a white charger to restore the Portuguese nation to its former glory and prosperity. My friend had an *almario* full of old musty tomes and parchments, and when I remonstrated with him on the absurdity of such a belief, he would take me to his *almario*, saying, "You see these, Sir, I am a foreigner, as little concerned with the history of Portugal as you are, and I thought as you did; these books were lent to me, and I have read them with the greatest attention, and I have changed my opinion; you may read them also if you like, but until you do, I beg of you to suspend your judgment."

I begged to be excused; I was afraid to talk to him again on the subject, for it seemed a species of monomania, which however could not be considered a solitary case, for I hear that half the Portuguese people have the same belief. He was very partial to a chapel in a village near Oporto, and to the tutular saint of which he was frequently making offerings. On one occasion when I was there, he presented the chapel with two massive silver lamps of considerable value. In his other

charities he seemed to me never to make an effort to discriminate the objects, and whether they were deserving or not.

These I considered were spots upon my friend's virtues. His vice was gambling; I went frequently with him to the gaming-houses at Oporto, he played high, and as well as myself, successfully; but I soon perceived that habits of gaming were not likely to add to my happiness or respectability, and I foreswore them from that very hour. I have never played a game of hazard or entered a gaming-house since. I think I owed this resolve to Madame Rozas, and to a promise I made her; I wish I could have prevailed on Rozas to follow my example.

At Oporto I met with Captain D—— who had been recently appointed to the 3rd Caçadores. His wife and himself made out a dismal case that they were penniless and without the means to perform a journey, nor had he any uniform when he should arrive at Villa Real.

I gave him some cash for his bills on his army agents, and started him next day, and I also gave him a letter to Mrs. F——, the widow lady who had let to me a small cottage near the town but would afterwards take no rent for it. I begged she would allow the captain and his wife to occupy

it until my return, or until he could procure another quarter, and I followed about three weeks afterwards, my leave having expired.

For the first three or four days I was obliged to take up my quarters where best I could, as my cottage had not yet been vacated. Captain D—— had never provided himself with another, nor do I believe that he or his wife ever thought beyond the passing hour. Mrs. F——, when I saw her, told me she had, with her daughter, been to see my friends when they arrived. They found the cottage redolent with the smell of rum, and in great disorder. She would rather see me there again, and she did not approve of their remaining.

It was really surprising to see a well educated man, such as D—— unquestionably was, living completely destitute. The uniform I had lent him was worn out and dirty, and he was evidently living from hand to mouth. Yet he had his British half pay as captain, with his Portuguese pay to the same amount, to live upon, and in a country where everything was cheap. Whenever he received his pay, it only lasted him two or three days; whatever remained after giving a comfortless yet expensive dinner party, was the next day staked upon a card. I never would join him in these large dinner parties, or rather scrambles;

but I dined once with them when there were no other guests; the lady affected to be a water drinker and took only one glass of wine in compliment to to her guest; yet I was told she was a great drunkard. Strange it is that people with this bad habit consider themselves insulted and offended at the bare thought of being guilty of so low a vice, but which in private they will indulge in largely without misgivings of its impropriety; but the Captain with all his college reading and many good qualities, was without common every day sense or even common prudence.

The wife after a short illness died, and on me devolved the melancholy duty of performing the funeral service over her remains. It certainly was not much to our credit that none of us had either a bible, or prayer book of the Church of England. I was glad to avail myself of a book of Roman Catholic prayers in English, which the Corrigidor Moraes Sarmento was so kind as to lend me, and from which I made an appropriate selection. The circumstance of a Protestant burial created quite a sensation, and it was not without difficulty I obtained permission to bury the body adjoining consecrated ground. The people had some idea that extraordinary if not

ridiculous ceremonies would be performed, and in consequence the concourse was immense.

Poor D—— was inconsolable for the loss of his wife, he visited her grave every night, and as he talked about disinterring the body to take it with him to Ireland, I was obliged to remonstrate and have him watched. Yet I was informed that in the height of his grief he was not insensible to other women—this weakness and infatuation at such a time seems incredible; but poor human nature is ever feeble, and D—— was always thoughtless and unreflecting.

Afterwards I made him live with me until his departure. I had been obliged frequently to advance him money, or procure it for him on account of his English pay; but as I was always in hopes that he would retrieve himself, I kept back his bills without presenting them and until I could ascertain how his affairs stood with the agents. He now required money to take him home, which as he had no other means of obtaining, I also advanced, and took his bill for the whole amount cancelling the smaller ones. On parting he seemed very grateful for the kindness I had shown him, and I have no doubt he felt it; but before he reached Dublin his old vice of not being able to retain money in his possession must

have returned. Although he had taken with him a sufficient supply, he actually drew out of the hands of the agents in London, the amount of his credit before my bills could be presented.

I wrote back to them to retain the bills until the amount was realized by instalments, as I was quite certain from the money having been advanced to Captain D—— under very particular and peculiar circumstances, on his reaching home, it would be returned to them. It was so, for I heard by the following mail that the money had been repaid, but I never heard from the captain from that day to this. I did hear that he was married again. I never met with such a child grown up to man's estate.

The good people of Villa Real and its neighbourhood were as kind as ever. Being the only Englishman in the corps, or rather the only one who had ever adapted himself to their customs and habits, I became a great favourite, and the priest who went with us first to the nunnery was very anxious to convert me to Popery.

Living amongst them as I was doing; of course I could not shut my eyes to the gross absurdities, and idolatrous acts I was daily witnessing, when visiting the different chapels and shrines of favourite saints at their periodical festivals. If

words have any meaning, that glory was given at these places to the image of the creature, which can alone be due to the *creator*.

I say nothing of the offerings to the images for supposed miracles performed by them, and the masses paid for the release of particular souls out of purgatory, which as a priest can only say one mass each day, are far too numerous ever to be performed, and also much too profitable for the sums allowed for such purposes to be given up, or ever to be returned.

I was once on the promenade walking with my friend the Padre, and the conversation turned as usual on the idolatry or non-idolatry of their worship, when I pointed out to him a woman kneeling before an image of the Virgin Dolorosa, with a burning lamp before it; she was in an agony of despair tearing her hair, in the most frantic manner. "Tell me," I said, "is not the kneeling of this woman an act of worship and adoration for the purpose of gaining those plenary indulgences so impiously promised her on the painted board beneath?" He replied, "If you will take the abuses of religion for religion itself, how many instances of still grosser absurdity could I point out amongst your reformers and dissenters." "Leave them alone," I said, "the question is now with yourself.

Will you go down and teach that woman that the image decked out in the gayest trappings is altogether an abomination, and that her thoughts ought to be on an invisible Being, omnipresent and merciful." "It is," he said, "a necessary evil with these people, their minds are so dull that unless some vivid image is placed before them, they cannot be brought into a state fit for religious contemplation."

"And the five swords which I see thrust into the Madonna's heart, when one might have been more than sufficient, are meant, I suppose, to recall to their mind that our Saviour was pierced five times. Truly a pretty conceit, better adapted for the nursery than the contemplation of penitent sinners. You see, Padre, these things will not suit me, any more than the denial of what my own eyesight tells me are facts; but to judge whether I am correct in my statement, will you the next time you preach, point out to your flock the distinction they ought to make between these childish frivolities and sound doctrine? and publicly denounce as you are pleased to term them these excrescences and abuses, for until you dare do so, I must consider them an essential feature of your worship." He replied, "I should have no objection, but with my audience here, instead of my making a convert

of you, they would say you have made a pervert of me." The priest was a real good fellow, and meant well; I took care never to commence the discussion and never spared him when he did. At last he gave it up as a bad job, only begging of me never to talk on religious subjects before the officers, as I might make them bad Catholics, without the possibility of their becoming Protestants.

I never enjoyed myself more than on an excursion I made with three or four officers to visit some families, wine growers on the Douro. We were absent for about ten days, and wherever we stopped to spend a day or two, there was a regular gathering of all the young people in the neighbourhood. Feasting, love-making, and dancing was the order of the day, mixed with a little occasional adventure.

In our progress, we started rather late one evening to visit a family where we had been invited to spend a day or two. The night became very dark, the road was execrable, narrow, and winding along the slope of precipitous hills supported by walls without any parapet, and although we had supplied ourselves with torches, they did not last more than two thirds of our journey. Our Adjutant Chrisostimo led the van, as he was

best acquainted with the road, and we followed him in a string.

At a critical part of the road near the end of our journey, he called out that the last torch was nearly finished and that the flame was scorching his hand. We wore pelisses with fur, and I observed the sparks were several times nearly setting fire to his sleeve. I ironically told him not to mind, as there was the sleeve and fur of his pelisse as a *dernier ressort.* I had scarcely spoken, when they were actually in a blaze, and he threw away the remainder of his torch, his hand having been slightly scorched. We were now left in utter darkness, and obliged to dismount and lead our horses, but at length we arrived without further accident. A good supper awaited us; Chrisostimo displaying his burnt sleeve as a proof of his devotion to his chief. The old Conde d'Amarante, the general officer commanding the province, was highly amused with these excursions of ours; he was fond of a little scandal and used to narrate to his brother gossips all sorts of stories true and false about us. Truly they were much more merry and harmless then some others in which I was near being engaged at the town where we were quartered. I escaped from the entanglement by the battalion being suddenly ordered to hold

itself in readiness to embark for South America. The British government having given instructions that no English officer, even when serving with the Portuguese army, should be employed against the states of South America, I was immediately transferred and ordered to join the 4th Caçadores, at Penamacar. Captain Mello was transferred at the same time. Thus, in the course of a very few years, I served in one Portuguese infantry regiment, and in four battalions of Caçadores.

Whilst stationed at Villa Real I paid a visit to Colonel St. Clair and my old corps, the 5th Caçadores at Lamago. Here I made the acquaintance of the Bishop of Lamago, a most excellent person. Attached to the palace, he had a very fine garden and he showed me with great pride some white, red and black currant bushes in full bearing. I gathered and ate some of the fruit, when he said, "I am told that in England this is considered a favourite fruit; but I suppose it must be for want of a better. We don't like it here, the two first are always sour, and the last taste like physic; nor can I understand how your grapes can be good. With us, all forced vegetables and fruits are thin and insipid, and they say your grapes are all forced." I told him that excepting in our southern counties his remark was true, yet our fruits in

England were good and of great variety, and that I never tasted in Portugal finer grapes for the table than the hothouse grapes in England. He seemed rather dubious, and attributed what I said to partiality for my own country. Some time afterwards on my way down through the Province of Beira, I halted at an obscure hamlet during the heat of the day, and ordered an early dinner. The landlord came back shortly to tell me that he could not provide it, as he was expecting a very great personage and who with his suite would occupy the whole house. On further inquiry, I found it was the Bishop of Lamago on a visitation tour. I told mine host that the Bishop would be very angry if he suffered me to go away without offering me the best apartment in the house; as however I should proceed on my journey in the course of the afternoon, I begged he would remove my things out of the room into the stable, and give them in charge to my muleteer, but that I would dine with the Bishop. My host seemed very reluctant, but he did as he was bidden, and about an hour afterwards the Bishop and his party arrived. The first thing he did on alighting from his mule, was to give to me a fraternal embrace, and to the people who were assembled to receive him, his benediction. He then

demanded where I was going, adding, "you must dine with us."

Besides his own chaplains, he was accompanied by a number of parochial clergymen he had picked up on the way. The table was laid by his own servants who seemed to me to understand purveying very well, for they brought with them an abundance of everything. The dinner was homely, but abundant. Neither the Padres, or my landlord could make out who I was, or why the Bishop should take such notice of a heretic. The landlord was repeating to them what I had said, that the Bishop would be very angry if he did not offer me the best apartment, and yet that I had not taken it, which he, overhearing, said "Ah! indeed I should have been very angry if you had treated my friend otherwise."

The Bishop was a voluble little man, much liked both by the clergy and by the people, and accustomed to have his own way in all things. His suite dined off tin plates, and drank their wine out of tin mugs; he himself had a silver one, with coarse earthenware plates, which he insisted on my taking until I pointed out to him the ridicule to which he was exposing my profession, whose Spartan habits it was expected could dispense with luxuries. It was finally settled between us that he

was to eat off the earthen plates, and that I was to drink from the silver mug. The meal over and the grace said, the fragments were taken outside for distribution. He then inquired if I had not a servant with me, and on being answered in the affirmative, he desired him to be sent for, when he recognized the muleteer as his godson. The latter got an embrace together with the Bishop's blessing, and a regular "Benjamin's mess," served by the Bishop's own hands.

On prosecuting our journey in the evening, the muleteer told me several tales of his godfather, the Bishop, highly creditable to his character as a Christian pastor.

Before arriving at Penamacar I passed within a few miles of the town of Celerico, a small village where I stopped a short time during the heat of the day, and had my hair cut. From Figaro downwards, all barbers are loquacious, so I was determined to turn my friend's volubility to some account by asking him if some years ago there had not been a serious affray between a couple of officers with their servant sand the inhabitants.

"Oh! yes," he said, "I recollect it well. Several of the people were severely injured, and had wounds wantonly inflicted upon them, yet the delin-

quents were allowed to depart the following day without being molested."

He made out a sad tale, all the facts were distorted. Not, however, wishing to be identified with the proceedings, I made no remarks upon them.

Penamacar was one of the old frontier fortresses now long since dismantled. It was perched upon a rock at a great height above the neighbouring plain, and was one of the most stupid, abominable places for a man to be quartered at imaginable. There was not a single opulent family residing in the town. The population consisted of a few poor farmers, one or two Jewish families, who were obliged to call themselves christians, and some muleteers. There was no trade whatever, and no village for a considerable distance; but the Caçadore battalions were generally stationed along the frontier, and consequently their quarters were none of the best.

This battalion was commanded by Lieut-Colonel Antonio Pinto. His ideas seemed engrossed by his wife and family. We used to meet at his house one evening in the week, at the priest's another, and at my house the third, to play at voltarette, but we never saw any lady excepting the Colonel's wife, and she was neither pretty or interesting.

I was so completely overcome with *ennui* that unless I had some of the officers to dine with me, I took my dinner standing or walking about, and as I abhorred a constitutional walk, or ride, I could not sleep for want of exercise. There were no books in any language to be had in the place, if we except a Latin breviary or the legend of some saint, a kind of reading to which I was not affected.

We had plenty of game, but I was no sportsman. Lieut.-Colonel Williams, who had preceded our present Lieut.-Colonel in the command of the battalion, had, when here, a pack of harriers, with which he hunted foxes and hares indiscriminately; but the pack had left some time, and I was obliged to rest satisfied with the description the officers gave of the sport. Most of them had horses, and to please Williams they always went out with him, as he was at great expense in mounting a servant and keeping so many dogs; yet after riding at the risk of their own necks and the destruction of their horses they could see no fun in it, even when the Colonel assured them that they had had an excellent run. They never brought home any hares, and if perchance they killed one, the dogs almost always devoured it.

"We did not like to tell him so," they added complacently; "but one of us with a single dog and a gun would bring home more game in a day than Williams and his hounds could get in a season."

Thus reminding me of the story told of the former Duke of Bedford, who, at Woburn, when returning from hunting, was always met in the street by a certain butcher to inquire what sport his Grace had met with. If the reply was, "an excellent run," the butcher was not satisfied, but would again inquire, "My Lord Duke, did you kill?" and if the answer was in the negative, the disappointed inquirer would twist round on his heels and depart, exclaiming, "Pshaw!" It seems his Grace when he could not boast of even a run would become equally dejected, muttering to himself as he was returning home, "Confound that butcher! I am afraid to meet the fellow to-day."

The sporting ideas of the Portuguese officers were something similar, mere *pot hunting*. The only break in the monotonous life I was leading, was going out sometimes with Colonel Pinto and another officer coursing, and this led to communication with the officers of a cavalry regiment stationed at Castello Branco. We used to meet at a place called Idanha Velho, half way between our

two quarters, where there was excellent coursing ground, but too many hares; and as two or three of the officers generally accompanied us with their guns as beaters, they were soon thinned. On one occasion we put up a very large wolf, but Colonel Knight of the cavalry regiment would not allow his dogs to follow, lest any of them might get injured by him. The wolf went shuffling off at a very slow pace. I wanted the horsemen to follow with their whips and flog him, but we were afraid the dogs might accompany us and so get hurt; one as it was did follow, but he kept at a very respectable distance, and the wolf seemed to regard him very little, and without accelerating his pace.

The love of field sports must be a sentiment innate in man, partaking more of instinct than reason. Returning home, the Colonel and myself would frequently moralize on what we were pleased to term the folly, if not madness, of those who were on foot fatiguing themselves all day for a few partridges or woodcocks. Many would leave off their day's work six or seven miles from home, and mount the steep ascent of the paved road to Penamacar to enjoy the sport. Little did I think that I should so soon be bitten by a similar mania.

A battue was got up by the officers to try for game on a rocky jungle close to the town, in which none of them had yet been, and which required beaters. I was prevailed upon to accompany them, and a long single-barrelled German gun was lent me for the occasion. I preferred remaining on a road running down the side of the hill, and taking my chance of a stray shot to scrambling through the thicket where there was more game. At length a bird came, which three others had previously fired at and missed, in the direction where I stood, dashing down the hill towards the plain. All eyes were intent to see how I would demean myself with this difficult shot, and I was equally anxious to be distinguished. I covered my bird as it came breast on, but recollecting having heard that shots sometimes glance off the breasts of birds when they are coming towards you, I lowered the gun, and went to the right about to wait until it had passed me, and to take another aim, when I killed the bird dead, amidst the applause of the anxiously gazing sportsmen. They pronounced me the coolest hand under fire they had seen. I killed a rabbit afterwards, the only two shots I fired that day.

I now became possessed of a double-barrelled gun, (a Mortimer) and although I used to per-

severe daily, I never could touch another feather. The gun was worn very thin, and my want of success I have since attributed to its spreading the shot too much and not carrying close enough.

I thought this a good opportunity to return to England to visit my father, whom I had not seen for upwards of ten years, so I applied for leave of absence to embark at Lisbon.

An opportunity occurred for making a large and rapid fortune whilst I was quartered at Penamacar. After the war, a Committee, or Board of Commissaries, had been sent out from England by the Treasury to collect and pay off all Commissariat checks and bills which had during the war been dispersed over both Spain and Portugal, and this Board was assembled between Almeida and Penamacar at a village selected for that purpose.

Many men were employed by speculators travelling about to buy up these bills at half price, or whatever they chose to give. The bills might be found in the hands of individuals in obscure villages in both countries, who despairing of ever being paid, were glad to sell them for any thing. Many of the country people who were aware where the Board was sitting, and had come from a great distance, were not much better off, for when they arrived wrong information was given

them by the harpies and servants about the place, and obstacles were purposely thrown in their way to prevent them obtaining a settlement, and to induce them to sell their checks, which they frequently did in order to be enabled to return home sooner. I do not mean to aver that the pay-masters themselves were engaged in those discreditable transactions, although others supposed they were; be that as it may, a great deal of money was made by different individuals about this period, the whole of the commissariat bills being ultimately paid.

On arriving at Lisbon I took up my quarters at Buenos Ayres, where I was like a fish out of water, the society being different from anything I had been accustomed to or liked. Young Englishmen, principally military men, dining together and meeting at different hotels and lodging houses, with what appeared to me the sole object of spending as much money with as little profit as they could. Neither were the squabbles among themselves likely to afford me much satisfaction or amusement; added to which I could get no money; the Lisbon merchants were so cautious and suspicious that none of them would cash my bill on my agents, although I could shew a few hundred pounds credit in their hands.

How very different from my friends at Oporto or Villa Real! At the latter place I had only to enter a shop, and ask the owner if he wished to send any money to Oporto, when he would probably reply, "No, but if you want any money it is the same to me to give it you now, and when I require your bill I will bring the balance."

At one of our dinner parties I sat next to a Major Brackenbury, who was on the staff at Lisbon. I was telling him of my unfortunate predicament, and that I should be obliged to write to Oporto for a letter of credit, or an introduction to some merchant, when he observed, "You need not be surprised, for I, who am a resident here, am always obliged to get some person to back my bills; but meet me to-morrow, and I will get you any money you may require. I will back your bill with pleasure, and perhaps I may one of these days require you to do the same for me if you remain here long enough."

I much preferred Oporto to Lisbon, although I knew no English families at the former place. At Oporto there were some merchants properly so called; but at Lisbon the trade I was told was now carried on by agents, the principals of whose houses resided in England. This time I thought Lisbon one of the most dirty holes I had ever

been in, and nothwithstanding the opera and theatres, to me it was one of the dullest of places. After I had got rid of my cattle I was all anxiety to quit it.

On my way down I had spent a day or two at Abrantes with Colonel Prior, and my old corps, the 20th Infantry. Prior told me that an old flame of mine, at whose house I was billetted when I was before with the regiment, had married one of the Captains. The latter called upon me, but I was obliged to make an excuse for not returning his visit. His lady was daughter to the post-master, and was a fine healthy girl.

Prior had two curiosities in his stables, a most enormous pet pig, and a young wolf. They used to sleep together, and when any person went near the latter, or attempted to drag him out by his chain, the pig was sure to come to the rescue, and attack the assailant; it was always necessary to get the pig out first, and separate them. The wolf I thought was likely some day or other to get his master into a scrape. A particular class of women were in the habit of passing with pails of tripe on their heads towards a fountain near at hand. The wolf could always smell the tripe, and if the stable door was open, would rush out, when the women would throw down their pails and

scamper off, the wolf being left to gobble up the prize at his leisure.

I heard of poor Prior's death a few months afterwards.

END OF VOL. I.

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